THE SACRIFICE. A TRAGEDY.

By the Honorable

Sir *FRANCIS FANE*,

Knight of the BATH.

The Second Edition.

Quæ poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare cicutæ
Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere Verſus. Hor.

Licenſed,
May 4. 1686.
Ro. L'Eſtrange.

LONDON,
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1918

To the Right Honorable

CHARLES

EARL of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*, *&c.*

Lord Lieutenant of the County of *Suſſex.*

My Lord,

HAving long ſince devoted my ſelf to a Country Life, and wanting Patience to attend the leiſure of the Stage, I have adventur'd to expoſed this Tragedy, without Action; but I ſhall never be much aſham'd of it, ſince it has had the Honor of your Lordſhips Approbation, whoſe admirable Genius in Poetry, has long ſince given you a juſt Title to preſide over all Cauſes of that kind, and whoſe Judgement never Errs, but when 'tis ſeduc'd by your *Extraordinory Candor*. Yet to have a ſhare in your Lordſhip's Mercy, rather than all the Clamorous Applauſes of the Vulgar, ſhall ever be eſteemed a greater Honor to,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt Obliged and

Humble Servant,

FRANCIS FANE.

TO THE
AUTHOR.

When o'r the World the mild Augustus *Reign'd,*
Wit's Empire too the Roman *Poets gain'd:*
So when the first auspicious James *possest*
Our Brittish *World, and in Possessing blest;*
Our Poets wore the Lawrels of the Age,
While Shakespear, Fletcher, Johnson *Crown'd. the Stage*
And tho our Cæsars *since have rais'd the State,*
Our Poetry sustains the Roman *Fate.*
In less Essays successful we have been,
But lost the Nobler Province of the Scene:
Perverters, not Reformers of the Stage,
Deprav'd to Farce, or more fantastick Rage.
How therefore shall we Celebrate thy Name,
Whose Genius has so well retriev'd our Fame?
Whose happy Muse such Wonders can impart,
And temper Shakespear's *Flame with* Johnson's *Art.*
Whose Characters set just Examples forth;
Mix Humane Frailties with Heroick Worth:
Shunning th' Extreams in Modern Heroes seen,
Than God's more perfect, or more frail than Men.
With Reason, Nature, Truth our Minds you treat,
And shew a Prince irregularly Great.

To the Author.

A generous Soul ſtorm'd by impetuous Love,
Which yet from Virtue's Centre ſcorns to move.
Thus while the Hero does himſelf defeat,
Your Tamerlane *is rendred truly GREAT,*
When by his Troops whole Empires were o'rthrown,
'Twas Fortune's Work, this Conqueſt was his own.
Your Monarch rages in Othello's *Strain,*
Iago *in* Ragalzan *lives again.*
Not Hecuba *like your* Deſpina *Rag'd,*
Like Her, for Empire and a Monarchs Fate engag'd:
With Iphigene *your Fair* Irene *vies,*
And falls a more lamented Sacrifice.
Your Style, tho juſt, ſubſervient to the Thought;
Your Numbers in Majeſtic Plainneſs wrought.
Methinks I ſee the Pyrat-Wits of France
Already to this Noble Prize Advance:
An Artifice in which they moſt excel,
But ſtill, the Senſe they ſteal, they Husband well:
Thus Sir, they'l melt your Oar, tho not Refine;
While each rich Thought of yours, each maſſey Line,
Drawn to French *Wire ſhall through whole Volumes ſhine.*
Accept our Thanks, tho you decline the Stage,
That yet you condeſcend the Preſs t'engage:
For while we thus poſſeſs the precious Store,
Our Benefit's the ſame, your Glory more;
Thus, for a Theatre the World you find,
And your Applauding Audience, All Mankind.

N. TATE.

To Sir FRANCIS FANE, *on his Admirable Play, the* SACRIFICE.

WE have of late with heedleſs Scenes been fed,
With Plays fit only to be ſeen, not read,
As tho with *Rocheſter* all Sence were dead;
But when that *Prince of Wit* did yield to death,
As his beſt Legacy, he did bequeath
To you, his *Friend*, his great Poetick Power,
And in it nam'd you for his Succeſſour.
Strait Wit's great Council ſate, that Critick Tribe,
Who did your Title to the Gift ſubſcribe;
And by their Heralds did aloud declare
To all the World you were his lawful Heir;
And now to ſatisfie pretending Men,
You have confirm'd your Title by your Pen.
For by your charming meaſures you have taught,
You do inherit that dear thing call'd *Thought*.
Ceaſe then ye Factious Wits, and never dare
Attempt the Laurel from his Head to tare;
For whilſt he doth Wit's Glorious Scepter ſway,
Ye cannot happier be than to obey;
And if againſt his Laws ye ne'r rebel,
Both *Italy* and *France*,
We ſhall in Wit as well as Arms excel.
Then Sir, how much is due t'you from the Age
That you your Learned Thoughts ſhould thus engage
Once more to ſend a Pattern to the Stage?

A Play correct, where Art and Nature's ſhown,
That's ſelf Exiſtent, and depends on none;
Where Wit, like Souls in Bodies, by your Art
Is all in all, and all in ev'ry part.
Shou'd Traiterous *Whiggs* but view the laſting Dreſs
That you've put on *Ragalzan*'s Wickedneſs,
Tho hatred to the beſt of Kings they wear,
Yet all deſigns againſt him they'd forbear,
Leſt you ſhou'd make them your next Character.
For well 'tis known that whatſoer you write
Will ſee the Sun till all things end in Night.
And tho theſe Villains Rope nor Ax do fear,
Yet everlaſting Shame they cannot bear.
If happy Souls above can view the State
Of things below, *Deſpina* for her Fate
Will thank the Gods, now to her Virtuous Name,
Your well wrought Lines have given a happy Fame:
Irene too, that Pious Beauteous Prize
No more wou'd blame the Effects of her dear Eyes,
Since by it ſhe's become your *Sacrifice*.

JOHN ROBINS.

To the Honorable

Sir FRANCIS FANE,

On his Excellent Play,

The Sacrifice.

LOng have our Prieſts condemn'd a Wicked Age
And every Little Critick's ſenſeleſs rage,
Damn'd a forſaken, ſelf-declining Stage.
Great, 'tis confeſs'd, and many are our Crimes;
And no leſs profligate the Vicious Times.
Bnt yet no wonder both prevail ſo Ill,
The Poets Fury, and the Preachers Skill.
While to the World it is ſo plainly known,
They blame our Faults, and never mind their own.
Let their Dull Pens flow with unlearned Spight,
And weakly Cenſure what the Skilful Write:
You, Learned Sir, a Nobler Pattern ſhow
Our beſt of Rules, and beſt Example too.
Precepts and grave Inſtructions dully move;
The brave Performer better does Improve.
Thus in the trueſt Savor you Excel,
And ſhow how ill we Write, by Writing well.
This Noble Piece which well deſerves your Name,
I Read with Pleaſure, tho I Read with Shame.

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And ſhow how ill we Write, by Writing well.
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The

The tender Lawrels which my Brows had dreſt,
Flag'd like young Flowers by too much Heat oppreſt:
The Generous Fire I felt in every Line,
Show'd me the cold, the feeble Force of mine.
Henceforth I'll you for Imitation chuſe,
Your Nobler Flights will wing my Callow Muſe.
So the young Eagle is inform'd to fly;
Seeing the Monarch Bird aſcend the Sky,
And tho with leſs Succeſs, her Strength ſhe'll try.
Spreads her ſoft Wings, and his vaſt Track purſues,
Tho far above the Towring Prince ſhe views.
Where the whole Work is ſo Divinely wrought,
The Rules ſo juſt, and ſo ſublime each Thought,
With ſuch ſtrict Art your Scenes in order plac'd,
With Wit ſo new, and ſo uncommon Grac'd;
In vain, Alaſs! I ſhou'd attempt to tell,
Where, or in what, your Muſe does moſt excel.
Each Character performs its Noble Part,
And ſtamps its Image on the Readers Heart.
In Tamerlane *you a true Hero dreſt:*
A Generous Conflict wars within his Breſt;
'Tis there the Mightieſt Paſſions you have ſhow'd:
By turns confeſs'd the Mortal and the God!
When e're his ſteps approach the haughty Fair,
He bows indeed, but like a Conqueror;
Compell'd to Love, yet ſcorns his ſervile Chain,
And ſpight of all you make the Monarch Reign.
But who without reſiſtleſs Tears can ſee?
The Bright, the Innocent Irene *dye.*
Axalla's Life a Noble Ranſom paid,
In vain to ſave the dear Lov'd Charming Maid.

Naught

Naught surely could, but your own Flame inspire
Your happy Muse to reach so soft a Fire.

Yet with what Art you turn the powerful Stream,
When Treacherous Ragalzan *is the Theme!*
Youmix our different Passion with such skill,
We feel 'em All, and all with Pleasure feel:
We love his Mischiefs, tho the Harms we grieve,
And for his Wit, the Villain we forgive.

In your Despina *all those Passions meet,*
Which Womans Frailties perfectly compleat:
Pride, and Revenge, Ambition, Love, and Rage
At once her wilful haughty Soul Engage:
And while her Rigid Honor we Esteem,
The dire Effects as justly must condemn.
She shows a Virtue so severely Nice,
As has betray'd it to a pitch of Vice,
All which confess a Godlike Power in you,
Who cou'd form Woman to her self so true.

Live, Mighty Sir, to reconcile the Age,
To the first Glories of the useful Stage:
'Tis you her rifled Empire may restore,
And give her Power she ne're could boast before.

A. BEHN.

Dramatis Personæ.

Tamerlane the Great.
Bajazet, Emperor of the *Turks*.
Axalla, General to *Tamerlane*.
Ragalzan, one of *Tamerlane*'s Chief Officers; a Villain.
Zeylan, a Revolted Prince of *China*.

Irene, *Tamerlane*'s Daughter.
Despina, *Bajazet*'s Wife.
Philarmia, *Zeylan*'s Mistress.

Priests,
An Astrologer,
Captains,
Soldiers, and
Attendants.

SCENE, a Revolted Fort in *China*.

THE SACRIFICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Pavilion, *with the proſpect of a beſieg'd Fort.*

Enter Tamerlane, Ragalzan, Axalla.

Tam. HAS *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Afric* felt the Charms
Of my Victorious, but Indulgent Arms,
And ſhall a ſoft *Chineſe* Prince ſtill dare
Not to ſeek out his Glory by deſpair,
Shake off thoſe gracious Fetters which were ſent
By me, from Heav'n, to be his Ornament,
Which his great King puts on, and wears with pride?
Rag. At unknown Virtues Salvages are frighted.
Tam. The Conquerors of *Perſia*, *Macedon*,
The Lords of *Cæſars* reverence my Throne;
Clear from the riſing, to the ſetting Sun:
What *Alexander* near could reach, I won:
Had he ſubdu'd to the *Chinenſian* Shore,
Then with ſome reaſon he had wept for more;
But, like a froward Child, at Meals too great,
He cry'd for want of Stomach, not of Meat.
Rag. Sir, from *Japan*, to the *Atlantic* Main,
The World lies fetter'd in your glorious Chain:
Whoſe Life and Influence in the Heav'ns is felt,
As upon Earth the ſpangled Milky Belt.
Tam. Soft, good *Ragalzan*; we are mortal too:
Heav'n cuts out work, which I alone can do.

Axal. I'm glad the Emperor ſwallows not the Pill:
Who offers too much Good, contrives ſome Ill. [*aſide.*

Tam. Had *Cæſar* liv'd, I had taught that Rebel Peace;
And laſh'd the ſtragling Demy-God to *Greece*,
Whoſe bus'neſs was t'enſlave, but not Reform;
I've cleans'd the World, and bruſh'd it like a Storm.
To purge the World from Sots, and ſimp'ring Knaves,
To chain Vile Monarchs, and Crown worthy Slaves,
Is my great Task on the reverſed Earth.

Axal. Thanks to your Great, but Heav'n-befriended Birth.

Tam. Right, brave *Axalla*. Think not that I ſwell,
Or have out-grown the Robes Heav'n dreſs'd me in:
If I in terms ſo high my Conqueſts raiſe,
It is not mine, but my Inſpirer's praiſe.

Enter a Chancellor with a Seal, takes his Seat; then a Maſter of Ceremonies, uſhering in Ambaſſadors with Preſents.

Mr. Cer. The *Grecian* Emperor kiſſes your Foot-ſtool.

Chan. The mighty *Tamerlane* accepts his Offering.

Mr. Cer. The *Perſian* Emperor, *&c.*

Chan. The mighty, *&c.*

Mr. Cer. The Emperor of *China*, &c.

Chan. The mighty, *&c.*

Mr. Cer. The *Ruſſian* Emperor, *&c.*

Chan. The mighty, *&c.*

Mr. Cer. Two and twenty *African* Kings beg admiſſion.

Tam. Let the Kings wait till the Afternoon.
Where's the Memorial? Read it on, *Axalla*.

Ax. Daramnes, *Tigranel*, and *Crantor*.

Tam. My Fathers old Captains: Let them have conſiderable Penſions, beſides Pay; and the firſt Commands that fall.

Ax. Iſfendiar, *Tachretin*, and *Germean Ogli*.

Tam. Rich Noblemen: Let them be imploy'd in places of Honour and Magnificence, they may ſupport themſelves.

Ax. Haly Mordecai.

Tam. Ha! A man that oppoſes me; not for the publick good, but to be taken off by preferment: let him be advanc'd to the Gallows.

Ax

Ax. Burranes and *Garrulan.*

Tam. Men of more Sail then Ballaſt; Impudent, ſhallow Intruders: Let 'em be baniſh'd the Court. Princes, for the moſt part, keep the worſt Company.

Ax. Cloſe waiting argues no ſufficiency; but rather ſtill, For want of other merits, they pay you with Offenſive diligence.

Tam. Right. Fools are fitteſt for Dumb-ſhows: While wiſer men grow faint to feed on Glances.

Ax. Arcanes, Cardamel, and *Rozarno.*

Tam. Perſons of great Wit, Honor, and Integrity: Let 'em be advanc'd immediately; there can be no places too good for 'em.

I love not to force Grounds; but ſow my Favors
In fertil Soils, and my returns ne'r fail me:
'Tis pity Virtue ſhou'd want ſtuff to work on,
Or languiſh with Ignoble Aliments.

Ax. Comets at firſt are but Terreſtrial Vapors:
But, when prefer'd into the upper Region,
They ſhine out bright, and there turn glorious Wonders,
Becauſe they 're of a pure and fiery ſubſtance:
While the dull Clouds ungratefully obſcure
The Sun that rais'd 'em.

Tam. Are there no more men that I can do good to?

Ax. The Prince of *Tunais.*

Tam. Let him Command o're all, next to thy ſelf:
A man of great Conduct, Courage, and Clemency,
Give me the man that's made up like a *Ceſar,*
And he ſhall be one; but no *Tamerlane.*

The Scene opens to Bajazet's *Cage,*
Tamerlane *goes to him.*

Why will you ſtill afflict me, Sir, to ſee
Your malice fruſtrate all my Clemency?
Like a ſoft Ball againſt a ſtony ground,
Back to my ſelf my benefits rebound.
Heav'n knows your Brothers Blood, your Subjects Tears,
Call'd loud for Vengeance to my tender Ears.

Heav'n turn'd the Scales, and order'd for your ſhare
That puniſhment you did for me prepare.
Reign with more Juſtice, and reſume your Throne.
Baj. Now, others Scorn; then I ſhould be my own,
Shou'd I, proud wand'ring *Tartar*, take from Thee
One Inch of ground, one thought of Liberty:
Cou'd I be ground to Atoms, and each Grain
Might have a Soul made up to dye again;
Thy Terrors ſhou'd not make me own thy Laws,
Nor owe Contentment to ſo vile a Cauſe.
I live for my own ſake, and thee Deſie:
When I think fit, I'll cheat thy Pride, and Dye. *(Stamps.)*
Tam. 'Tis ſtrange, he ſhould not ſeek to eaſe his Fate!
He cannot bear, and yet deſires the weight.

Enter Irene.

Here, my *Axalla*, take my fair *Irene*:
Now pay thy ſelf for all thy ſervices,
Out of this Treaſury of Excellence.
'Tis a reward aſſign'd thee from above,
For firm Allegiance and Seraphic Love.
Ax. Shou'd Bounteous Heav'n ſuch Preſents often make,
It wou'd more largely give, than Man cou'd take:
Nor cou'd my Earthy Soul bear ſuch delight,
But that, like Heav'n, you rais'd it to that Height.
Iren. Juſt Heav'n forbid, that I ſhould leave ſo ſoon
The ſerene pleaſures of a Virgin Life,
For all the Joys of that unknown Condition.
Tam. I know, dear Saint, *Axalla* does inſtill
The Chriſtian Faith, which mortifies the Will,
And ſets the Mind above all Earthly care;
But, 'tis not fit the World ſhou'd want an Heir.
Iren. Nor is it fit, we ſhou'd devote our ſelves
To thoſe, by vulgar Error, Nuptial Joys,
Till all the World lies proſtrate at your Feet,
And ſpurns no more at your illuſtrious Yoke.
Tam. The World is car'd for; but *Axalla* dyes,
My ſweet *Irene*: Wou'dſt thou have me loſe

My worthieſt General, for want of ſuch
An eaſie Medicine? Theſe doubts, *Axalla*,
In private muſt be clear'd by you, or none:
Reaſons for Love, are beſt when Love's alone. [*Exeunt.*

Rag. Solus. 'Tis as I thought: She's loſt: 'Twas well divin'd,
And to the Foe the Letter not ill ſent.
Zeylan will found a point of War, to grace
The worthy Nuptials of this well-pair'd Hero.
What Soul can bear ſuch unheap'd loads of Scorn?
Gods, lend me patience for ſome drowſie minutes,
By your revengeful ſelves, I'll ſend the Drug back
With full career, leſt your vext Powers ſhou'd want it,
And from my Fingers ſnatch the long'd-for Prey.
My Love rejected, and my Service ſlighted,
And the great Heireſs of the World beſtow'd
Upon an Infidel, a Fugitive *Italian*;
Becauſe, forſooth, he can tell Stories of one *Cæſar*,
A Servant to the petty State of *Rome!*
Indeed, this *Cæſar* was a pretty Fellow
To make a Bridge of Boats, or pick a hole
In an old mouldring Wall, and ſling the Stones
On the beſieg'd: to give him's due, he might
Have made a pretty Scout for our *Tartarian* Army.
But ſhall ſuch puny Leſſons give directions
To him that leads Twelve hundred Thouſand men,
And has deſtroy'd a Hundred nobler Towns
Than babbling *Rome*, in the Celeſtial *China*,
While I conducted his Victorious Troops?
And is this my Reward? The great Deſtroyer
Therefore will I deſtroy, and in his Ruin
Revenge the Conquer'd World, and therein found my Fame;
If not the beſt, yet in the loudeſt Name. *Ex.*

The Scene the inner part of a Fort.
Zeylan, *attended with Officers.*

Zey. Are the Men all drawn up?
Cap. Ready to March,
And preſſing to engage; as eager Lovers

After

After long delays, or Hypocrites
After a formal Faſt, that whets more than
Subdues, urging to pay with ſinful Int'reſt
The mortify'd receiver of Life's Rents.

Zey. 'Tis well. But let me read this once again.

Enter Philarmia.

The mighty Tamerlane *lyes at your mercy. Nothing is weaker than ſecure Greatneſs. On the South ſide of his Camp you may break in, up to his own Pavilion. Make uſe of the ſudden opportunity, by the advice of*

Your unknown Friend.

Phil. What Stratagem, what wonderful Device,
My worthy, frowning, ſpeechleſs General,
That I am not thought worthy to partake of?
Are Women then preſum'd to keep no ſecrets,
Becauſe they never yet confeſs'd the Truth,
And, with a thouſand little Arts, conceal
The Friend of Nature, *Love*, from ſilly ſearching Man
With an Heroic impudent Modeſty?
Can they be ſecret ſtill to curb their pleaſures,
And cannot hold their Tongues to ſave their Lives?
Come, Sir, you have receiv'd a Letter from the Enemy:
I ſee your Men prepar'd; I'll ſally with you.

Zey. Go, deareſt, go, and leave me to my Fate;
The Sword has no Commiſſion to deſtroy
Thy ſacred Sex, but feeds on courſer fare:
Dangers and buſ'neſs are cut out for Men;
Women are ſpar'd, to Stock the World agen.

Phil. Shall I out-live thee then? or can I do it?
Are not our Threds ſo cloſely ſpun together,
The ſame hand breaks them? doſt thou love thy Fame
And envy mine? Are Women only made
To ſtock the Dunghil Earth; pull high-born Souls
From native Seats and give them fleſhly Dungeons?
No, no: thou may'ſt as eaſily divorce
The loving Elements from each others ſides,
As me from thine. Go bid the churliſh Earth
Shake off the Amorous Sea, that clings ſo cloſe

About

About her flinty Breſt: Go bid the Female Air,
That is incorporate with Litigious Fire,
Withdraw her temp'rate alimental Aid
In his Victorious unreſiſted marches.
Zey. But, my *Philarmia,* ſhou'd ſome boiſtrous hand
Pluck up this lovely Flower, where dwells all ſweetneſs,
Beauty in abſtract, Light original;
Shou'd ſome rough Mortals, with their Impious arms,
Deface this well-drawn Image of Divinity,
To which all others are but Counterfeits;
Or with rude Weapons force the Ivory doors
Of this thy ſacred Temple, to let out
The fair Inhabitant, thy precious Soul,
With her bright Handmaids, *Beauty, Wit,* and *Virtue*:
The Sun, that borrows Beams of thee, wou'd loſe
Its Light and Influence, and the World go blindfold,
Nature would ſicken, the Creation dye.
Alas! thou conſt not ward a fatal blow,
Nor force thy way through woods of walking Steel:
Why wilt thou wound me through thy feeble ſides?
Phil. Oh, but you are too bold! I can foreſee
Thoſe dangers, through the perſpective of Fear,
Which blinding Valor, like a hot Catarrh,
Deprives your ſight of: Honor betrays you
To perilous ſteps, which Womens cold Complexion
And frightful apprehenſions are aware of.
But if, inſpight of all my watchful cares,
You are involv'd amidſt your deſperate Foes;
I'll interpoſe, like Clouds before the Sun,
And ſteal thee from 'em. If I drop to Earth,
Diſſolv'd in Tears and Blood; 'twas but a uſeleſs vapor:
If I am loſt; a Fond, but worthleſs Female:
No Fate to me can too untimely come;
Who may be kill'd abroad, muſt dye at home. *(Weeps.)*
Zey. Oh, ſtop thoſe Tears, leſt thou unman me too,
Till I'm expos'd to hiſſing Contumelies
Of Maids and Matrons, and abhor'd by thee
That caus'd my Shame. Alas! thy Honor lies
In ſeeking Safety, more than ours in Danger:

Nor

Nor can the greateſt Acts, Atchiev'd by thy
Unnatural Valor, wipe off half the Stains
That rude Mankind will caſt on thy white Innocence
For herding with 'em.

Phil. Why art thou then ſo good, ſo gently kind?
Thy Soul's not made up of ſuch courſe materials.
If thou refuſe me, I'll to th' other ſide:
I'll kill all thoſe that offer to kill thee,
Till I have quite deſtroy'd th' unnumber'd Armies
Of the Earth-covering and confounding *Tamerlane*,
And all the World his Subjects, but thy ſelf;
Then I will fight with thee, and thou ſhalt kill me,
And, if thou canſt forbear to dye, live after.

Zey. Thou haſt o'rcome: Reaſon has loſt the Day,
That uſeleſs part of Man, till Love's away. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene Tamerlane's *Tents.*

Ragl. Now is the time: Prince *Zeylan*'s on the Wing,
And he ſhall ſeize his Prey; thanks to his unknown Friend.
A leſſer loſs than her, cou'd ne'r have rais'd
Revenge ſo high as his Ingratitude.
Honor, that wavering Judge, here interpoſes,
Which turns to every Tale: Honor, that ſpins
Fine curious Paralels, that never meet:
What ſays ſhe then? Firſt, I muſt right my ſelf;
And then, not wrong the Public. Rare diſtinction!
Public! fine Canting word, the Public! Are my Arms,
Or Legs, joyn'd to the Public? Am I in pain
When this Man's hang'd, that Torturd? Do I eat
The leſs, when this Man ſtarves? Or when he's Froze
Or burnt, do I feel that by my Fire ſide or Grotto?
But, each man's private good lurks in the Public?
Then, each man take his part, and where's the Public?
Oh, but the Public is the Store-houſe! No:
Rather the Jayl, that keeps mens private goods
Confin'd. I'll get mine out, and ſet the reſt on fire.
My private Pleaſure is my well-known Soveraign good:
T'obey and gratifie each ſtrong Impulſe

Of

Of Friendly Nature. What makes the Publick? Power.
And what deſtroys the Publick? Why, Power again.
Then let this Power diſpoſe the Publick ſtill;
My private Will ſhall rule that angry Power.

Enter Tamerlane, Axalla, Irene.
Alarm within, and Claſhing of Swords.

Tam. What means this noiſe!
Meſſ. The Enemy is entred,
And has repuls'd your Guards. Prince *Zeylan*'s coming to
This Tent.
Iren. For Heav'ns ſake, Sir,
Be gone into this inner Room: there's a back-door to't.
Tam. Is *Zeylan* come? I'll to my Rebel Guards,
And teach th' advent'rous Rebel to be tamer. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm without, Fighting on the Stage.
Zeylan *is beat off.*
Re-enter Tamerlane, Axalla, Ragalzan.

Tam. What a bold Rebel's this! No more of mercy,
Since 'tis deſpis'd; *Axalla*,
Give order for a general Aſſault:
I'll to the Temple, and give thanks to Heav'n
For this ſucceſs. [*Ex. with* Axalla.
Rag. But I'll be there before you;
To juſt Revenge, one diſappointment ſhall
Not ſtop my Progreſs: Now I'll truſt my ſelf.
I know the Mummy Prieſt, a cunning fellow;
By's Nature much, but by's profeſſion more:
He's one of thoſe that deal 'twixt Gods and Men,
A Commerce yet well never underſtood,
And ſo they Cheat accordingly.
But has Revenge ſuch pow'rful pleaſing Charms?
Receiving Good, 'sa Toy to doing Harms,
Revenge, the Gods beſt Diſh, their cloſe-kept Dainty,
'Tis their *Ambroſia*, not to be taſted
By groveling Mortals; and forbid to all,

But bold *Promethean* Souls; borrowing, becauſe
Able to re-imburſe the Gods again
With lofty Paſſions of immortal Wrath.
Equally powerful ſtill are Contraries:
Hate's the reverſe of Love; Revenge is hates fruition:
Nor do I know what's ſweeteſt, or to have
My Miſtreſs in my Bed, my Foe in's Grave.

The Scene the outer part of a Temple.
Enter Tamerlane, Axalla, Ragalzan.

Tam. I like their Temples, but I loath their Idols:
To all thoſe Beings, that our Senſes reach not,
Forms are injurious; much more to the Greateſt.
Ax. I hate no leſs weak ſuperſtitious Fools;
Who, with fond Attributes, th' eternal Being
Reproach, and make more Antic than Mankind.
Like Boys, they fear the Bugbears that they dreſs.
Tam. True. Heav'n delights more in the ſweet variety
And liberty of thought, than Slanderous Piety:
As a great Monarch him to favor chuſes
Who pleaſant, but well-manner'd freedom uſes,
But hates a ſowre, tho an obedient Clown
Who loves his Smiles, leſs than he fears his Frown;
So Heav'n's great Soul, dreſs'd in impervious Rays,
The Object of our Wonder and our Praiſe,
Laughs at our holy Gambols from above:
But thoſe do chiefly his affection move
Who play in's Beams with a well-gueſſing Love,
For the Great Nature takes delight, to ſee
The Foot-ball play of Human Sophiſtry,
Nor willing to be known, loves Men ſhou'd doubt,
Gueſs at his Riddles, but not find them out.

Muſic. Ragalzan *appears at a corner of the Stage, with a Prieſt.*

Rag. What, am I well diſguis'd?
Prieſt. Mummy it ſelf, Sir.

Here is a Vault, and here's the Trap-door to't;
It has a thouſand Labyrinths within,
Not made for nothing: Let 'em ſearch till Doomſday,
They'l never find you. Pugh! the Weſtern Prieſts
Are not the only Laughers at Mankind. [*Exit, with* Ragalzan
who takes his place among the Mummies.

The Scene opens, and diſcovers an Amphitheatre of Crown'd Mummies.

Iren. Theſe Mummies are more Curious and Magnificent
Than thoſe we ſaw at *Cairo.*
Ax. And much more numerous:
Which anſwers not amiſs, to the prodigious ſpace
Of time, ſuppos'd by their Chronology.
Tam. Of all the Arts that ſhort-breath'd Man affects
To patch and piece up ruinous Humanity,
Aping of Immortality in Duſt
Sure is the nobleſt.
Ax. Yet they are Death's Trophies.
'Tis ſtrange, that Man ſhould glory to be conquer'd,
And boaſt his loſſes to all after Ages.
Tam. Proud of his pickled Principality,
When Fame finds nothing in his life, to blow
Her Trumpet for, and wake the liſt'ning World.
Ax. And Fame's as falſe: Cheats us of preſent Sums,
The daily Rents of Pleaſure and of Eaſe,
To pay in Honor's Airy dry Reverſion,
And diſputable Titles; Good, or ill,
By dead men unperceiv'd, by th' living undiſtinguiſh'd.

Enter Mummy Prieſt, habited like a Conjurer, &c.

Prieſt. Greateſt of Emperors, draw near, and ſee
The richeſt Wardrobe of Mortality
The world affords: Here ſtand Time-daring Mummies
Of *China* Monarchs for ten Thouſand years.

Shou'd I relate you all, their Deaths and Lives,
Their Arms, their Arts, their Children, and their Wives,
'Twou'd tire your patience, or to hear, or see,
And Conquer, Sir, your Magnanimity.

Tam. Troth, I believe thee. What a Canting Tone,
And what a monstrous Tale!

Ax. They 've long Traditions;
And Lye by old Records as well as Hear-says.

Tam. No, no. Printing has been here in use some Thousand of years, no wonder they have so many Lyes.
Whose Mummy's this?

Priest. This is *Viteio*,
The builder of an University,
Who liv'd one hundred and Fifty years.

Iren. And whose is this?

Priest. Ochanti; the Inventer of Printing.

Iren. And this?

Priest. Tzinzummey. The Inventer of
Gun-powder: that frighted hence a certain rambling Prince,
Call'd *Alexander*, from the *Oxidrace*;
Which he, good Man, mistook for Thunder, and
For Lightning.

Tam. A small excuse wou'd serve a Western Conqueror.
This crook-back'd Prince here?

Priest. Huy Hammon.
He that found out the Philosophers Stone.

Tam. And this?

Priest. Pintatei: his unfortunate Successor, that lost it.

Ax. This fellow Drolls.

Tam. No; 'tis their Tradition.

Iren. Who is this here?

Priest. Auchosan. He that invented
Wagons, to Sail with the Wind.

Tam. Are all your Princes then Philosophers? } Axalla
Priest. No. But whosoever finds an admirable Art, } *walks forward*
Is strait made Governour of some wealthy Province,
And his Invention is ascrib'd unto
The King, whose Reign he liv'd in.

Tam. Handsome exchange, and nourishment for Virtue!

Priest.

Prieſt. Here ſtands the great *Tzionzon*, builder of the Wall.
Iren. He ſtares, and turns about his head. Oh horrid!
Tam. 'Tis ſtrange!
Prieſt. Marvel not, Sir; 'tis uſual with him:
He ſeems offended at your Conqueſts here.

Ragalzan *leaps down, Stabs at* Tamerlane: Irene *interpoſes. He and the Prieſt leap down the Trap-door.*

Tam. Treaſon! My Guards! What, vaniſh'd through this door?
Ax. Ha! What's the matter? where's the Mummy-ſhower?
Tam. Ah, Generous Girl! Art thou not hurt, *Irene*?
Iren. No, not at all. The Dagger ſtruck upon this Bracelet
Here, of Beads.
Tam. A piece of Piety well plac'd: Thanks be to Heav'n.

Enter Guards.

The fellow was in haſte.
Ax. Where is the Villain?
Guards, go ſearch him out,
Tam. 'Tis to no purpoſe: they have endleſs Vaults.
Excellent Maid! how durſt thou interpoſe
Thy tender Limbs, that elſewhere art afraid
Of thy own Shadow;
Iren. It was my Duty, Sir, and my Deſire
To ſave your Life, tho ranſom'd by my own,
Tam. Never was Child ſo fond, and ſo indearing!
When at the Siege of *Bagdat*, in my Tents
A *Saracen*, with an invenom'd Knife,
Had Stabb'd me in the Arm, the ſubtil Poyſon
Haſting through all the Crimſon Salliports
To reach the Throne of Life:
She ſtrait, with greedy Piety ſuck'd out,
And with her Balmy breath heal'd up the part,
Which all the helps of bold, but needy, Art
Had ne'r effected.
Ax. I have heard the Story;
And ſhe untainted. Who can hurt an Angel?
I know, I feel her Virtues. But, what mean you?
Shall I not fetch more Soldiers?

Tam. 'Tis work for a whole Regiment: go call 'em,
And let 'em scour the Vaults for many Miles,
And seize on all those wretched Priests they meet with.
I'll turn their Idol Temples all to Mosques,
Or Christian Churches: The Devil here is Worship'd
In greater State, than elsewhere his Creator.
All Impious Priests are vile, but weak dissemblers;
They brave the Gods, but purblind Mortals fear:
Juglers, that in Sear'd Mouths take holy Fire,
In whom Religion, Physic of the Mind,
By which true Souls are purged, and refin'd,
Grows so familiar that it never works,
But feeds ill Humors, and like Venom lurks.

Enter Soldiers.

1 *Sol.* We shall have brave Plund'ring and Firing here! Heigh Boyes!

2 *Sol.* I; and hanging up these Conjuring Priests.

3 *Sol.* For my part, I do not like this Sacrilege.

4 *Sol.* Why, is it Sacrilege, to take away
That which was given in God's name, to the Devil's use?

3 *Sol.* Ha! God-Almighty made a Trustee for the Devil! Nay, then have at 'em. *Searches, and is frighted.*

The Soldiers search; Devils meet 'em at one hole, and fright 'em, then another; then flashes of Lightning and Smoak.

The Scene shuts.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The out-part of the Fort: Tamerlane's *Tents on the other ſide.*
Enter Philarmia, Zeylan.

Phil. 'TWas bravely done! one of your worthy Spoils,
To catch the *Scythian* Lion in your Toils,
Than let him go! Seem'd it to your great Mind
So ſmall a Prize, Great *Tamerlane* t'have joyn'd
To *Bajazet*, and in one Cage confin'd?
The Scourge and Terror of the World t'have tam'd,
And for his Conqueſt of the Globe been fam'd?
All for a Complement! a Barbarous glance
From a She-*Tartar*!

Zeyl. 'Twas th' effect of Chance:
For, while I paid *Irene* ſhort Reſpects,
For thy ſake only, honoring thy Sex,
The Emperor eſcap'd. But, is't not Jealouſie,
That envious Dream, that avaritious Monſter,
That wou'd have more than all, that fills thy Mind
With ſuch unkind expoſtulations! Tell me.
By Heav'ns thou wound'ſt me with ten Thouſand Arrows
Sharper than Death, Diſhonour, Pains Infernal!
How can my Heart, brim full of theee, receive
Another in? Can the whole World, with all
It's glittering Trifles, and Deluding Joys,
Add ought to my poſſeſſion, having thee?
Or can the Gods, with unexhauſted Stocks
Of Benefits, reach down a greater bleſſing
To charm my Soul, or pull up my Ambition
Into a higher Sphere, than thy Embraces?
What have I more to wiſh or pray for? Speak.

Phil. I Jealous! what of you? For which of your Perfections?
Your Valor, or your Prudence? No, no; but I'm aſham'd
To own ſo falſe a Creature. Farewel.
You man of War: I'll try your mettle. *Exit. He ſtrives to*
Zey. Nay, ſtay, and hear me. *ſtay her: ſhe breaks from him.*
Pray Heav'n our Loves prove not unfortunate;

This

This Girl's ſo raſh and daring, and ſo Jealous,
So eaſily provok'd, headſtrong, and ſudden:
Tho ſoft as Prayers when pleas'd, and paſſionately
Tender, when ſhe perceives her error.
My Soul akes for thee, tho I cannot guide thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Ragalzan

Rag. Strange diſappointment this too! yet I find
There's no ſuſpicion of my Treaſon. Nothing
To Holy Villany! Am I a Saint, or not?
The Saint and Devil differ in Man ſo little,
Thoſe open bare-fac'd Mortals look as ſimply
As naked Dogs, or new-ſhorn Sheep, expos'd
To th' Injuries and Scorn of all Mankind:
While I, like viſiting Angels, kill unſeen.
Here I lye round, and cloſe, as ſleeping Serpents:
He that treads on me, Feels before he Sees me.

Enter Tamerlane.

Now to my poſt: I muſt draw near, and flatter.
Tam. 'Tis time my buſ'nes of the World were done:
Or this *Cameleon* Fortune may change colours,
And Tarniſh all my Glories. Why was I
Now ſo unhappy to eſcape this blow?
Then I had dy'd in time, and ripe for Fate,
With all my Triumphs waiting on my Herſe.
Rag. aſide. I'm ſorry for't indeed, Sir.
Tam. Methinks, I find a boding of ſome miſchief,
Which threatens, more than Thouſand Lives, my Fame.

Enter Axalla.

Ax. The fair *Deſpina* is arriv'd, and begs to be
Admitted: And I hear, ſhe hates
Th' unfortunate, like *Cleopatra*; hoping
To be the object of your choice. Your late
Severity to her harſh Husband, ſhe

Count

Counts as a piece of Courtſhip done to her.
Tam. Haſt thou now known me, Friend, ſo many years,
And didſt thou ever find my eaſie heart
Melt at a Woman's Face? Thoſe many Thouſand
Wives, Virgins, Widows, all my Supplicants,
Mov'd me no more, than Pictures do a Statue
That ſtands upon its Baſis.
No; I am Beauty-proof: Bring in the little Image,
Made up of little Arts, and leſſer Charms;
I'll blow 'em off.
Ax. This Conqueſt o're your ſelf
Out-does the *Cæſars* more than all your Triumphs.
Tam. Why talk'ſt thou of theſe petty Lords of *Rome?*
What is their *Carthage*, or *Numantia*,
To *Nanquin*, *Pequin*, *Moſco*, *Cambalu*,
Casbin, and *Cairo*, and *Conſtantinople*,
Quinzay, and *Babylon*, *Dehli*, and *Agra?*
And canſt thou think my Soul can yield to Charms
Which wrought upon thoſe idle-headed *Cæſars*,
Who in Triumphant Cars, like Flies on wheels,
Aſſum'd the Glory of that little duſt
Which their Crampt Empire rais'd in ſeveral Ages?
When I alone have won more Worlds, than e're
They knew or thought of.
Rag. They ſet ſome Scriblers to out-lye the World,
And dreſt their *Roman* Eagles up, to Soar
Like Paper Kites, t' amuſe the wandring Vulgar;
And yet the very Plat-forms of your Conqueſts
Wou'd cover all the Earth they ever fought for.
Tam. My Actions are too great for all Records,
They tire Narrations, baffle formal Words.
Ax. Right, Sir; but own the Cauſe. This Vanity
Sticks cloſe, like Ivy to the nobleſt Plants.
Tam. True, my *Axalla*; but ſhou'd I ſpeak leſs,
I ſhou'd detract from Heav'n, that threw theſe Favors
Upon my worthleſs Perſon.

Enter Despina.

Ax. Here she comes:
Now be your self, and His that made you great.
Tam. Ha! What flash of Lightning's this, that strikes my Breast?
Then Fame has once spoke true; a Glorious Form!
But I must be my self; nay, more, appear
Churlish and Cruel, to keep off vain hopes.
Desp. Great Sir, to whom wise Heav'n the World design'd,
kneeling. As a just Tribute to your greater Mind;
Long may you Reign, if *Bajazet* may live:
A Grant which Heav'n alone, and You, can give.
We cancel all the Rights that Fortune gave,
And Life alone, the gift of Nature, crave:
Show the same mercy you had wish'd to find,
If Fortune had to Him, not You, been kind.
Tam. Do as you wou'd be done to, Rules no State;
Nor yet is Nature's Law: for in close competitions
Where Life's at Stake, if you do not destroy
Your Rival's Life, your own you can't enjoy;
Yet none wou'd grant to let himself be slain,
Tho by his death another life did gain.
My Case is clearer, just in all mens Sence,
To kill your Husband in my own defence:
Which is no more than he wou'd do by me,
Or ought to do, if he secure wou'd be.
Desp. High Confidence o're Policy prevails;
When great Souls meet, low-founded Reason fails:
Brave Sympathy does Interest disdain;
Or 'tis an Int'rest of a nobler Strain,
To please themselves by pleasing's all their gain.
Tam. You talk of Friends, or Lovers, lukewarm Mortals
That have not heat enough t' inflame themselves
With high-flown Thoughts, and Self determin'd Actions:
Give me Ambition that is ne'r extinguish'd,
Yet feeds upon it self; burns like the Sun
In its own Centre unconsum'd,
And Warms or Scorches, whom it please, at distance.

Souls

Souls that are inacceſſible, and high,
Are ſtricteſt followers of the Deity:
Humble Mankind copies the Low Creation,
And makes the tameſt Animals their Guides;
Out-done ſtill by the Strong and wiſe ones.
Deſp. Shou'd Gods deſtroy all Men that them provoke,
They muſt Create, to make their Altars Smoke;
If all were kill'd that do affect your Throne,
King without Subjects, you wou'd Reign alone
A Monarch wrapt in Contemplation:
To a haſt'ning Son, or nature-urging Wife,
To ſome brave Brutes, or King-contemning Flies,
And Death will come by Siege, if not Surprize.
Was all the World for your vain Self deſign'd?
Or, if it be the Int'reſt of Mankind
To have you dye, why do you wiſh to live,
When Social Joys you neither take nor give!
Tam. How bold her Reaſon! how Divine her Face!
What do I feel? ſome ſtrange, but Cordial heat:
Some Paſſion ſhakes my Reaſon from her Seat.
Deſp. The Road to Fame's to try unpractic'd ways;
From common Methods, riſes common Praiſe:
Blood has to Glory ever been a Cheat;
Let Mercy make you Famous, Safe, and Great.
When Fortune ſhares ſo much in each event,
Diſtraining Mortals goods for Heav'nly Rent,
Prudence in vain a Monarchs Life protects:
Counſels inſpir'd produce the beſt effects.
Tam. 'Tis time to fly!
Madam, you argue well: Let time digeſt
My thoughts, and ripen them for your requeſt. *Ex. ſeverally.*
Rag. If I remember well my former frailties,
This diſcompoſure in the Prince, is Love:
If it be ſo, there is enough to work on.
Other attempts are Dangerous, Raſh, Uncertain:
This flattering diſtemper works as ſure
Deſtruction: he ſhall be his own Tormentor;
His Life and Fame ſhall languiſh e're he dyes.

I'll ſtrait to *Bajazet*, who loves this Wife
More than his Empire; tell him, She's already
In *Tamerlane*'s embraces: That in him,
Will work ſome fatal Paſſion; and in her,
Revenge as deſperate. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Tamerlane.

Tam. To Arms, to Arms, my Soul; and ſtop the paſſage
To this weak Enemy. Love, thou poor trifle of
Unactive Minds, drowſie Divinity,
Muſic for Maids or Madmen,
Thou pinching Play-fellow, tickling Tormentor;
Thou fawning Cut-throat Beggar, hence, begone,
My Breſt affords no ſettlement for Vagrants:
Go to ſome Silken *Perſian*, ſoft *Italian*,
To limber Courtiers, callow beardleſs Boys;
Go find ſome lazie *Epicure*, whoſe Soul
Lives in his Diſh, and thence by Tranſmigration,
Lives in his Wench, and when that ſhort-liv'd pleaſure
Expires, is born anew to Wine and Surfeits.
How dareſt thou ſeek for room in my full Mind,
In which the Univerſe lies cram'd with all its cares,
Where every Vertue harbors for protection,
And every Vice waits for a Reformation?
And yet, methinks I ſee the blind ragg'd Boy
Laughing the tott'ring Globe out of my hand:
It muſt not, ſhall not be. He comes, he comes
Again, and warms my Breſt with his falſe Fires.
Captains, let looſe the World, that I may once more Conquer it;
Strike off the Chains from all my fetter'd Princes,
Let 'em Rebel, and find out Manly troubles
To ſhake off theſe: Let Buſineſs out-do Reaſon.
Go build more Ships, ſearch out ſome Savage Corner
That Nature hides, or evil Spirits guard,
From Manners, or Religion; there I'll go
Subdue, Reform: Let Mankind once more prove
How much my Glory does out-weigh my Love.

The Scene a Priſon. Bajazet *in his Cage*; Ragalzan, *Jaylor.*

Rag. It is too true:
The Emperor has deny'd her to come near you.
Baj. And did I live ſo long, only to ſee her?
Rag. Nay, more than that, This night She is deſign'd
For his Embraces.
Baj. Death! Furies! Hell! Damnation! Fires! and Flames!
You Sacred Bugbears, falſe invented names,
To fright Mankind into Religious Fits;
Where is the Juſtice of the Sacred Writs?
You Raſcal *Mahomet*, am I thus requited?
My Prayers, my Services, my Off'rings ſlighted?
Is this your thanks? I ſcorn thee, thou 'rt a Cheat;
I made thee Holy, but to make me Great:
Thou brok'ſt the Contract firſt. Where is thy Love?
Where is thy Int'reſt with the Powers above?
If ſuch there be, what croſs events they give,
That I, who ſcorn to Reign, am forc'd to live?
Rag. Majeſtic Blaſphemy! It works moſt bravely.
Jayl. What ſays the Prince?
Rag. He does Blaſpheme and Rave,
Talks ſomething that is Wicked, and is Brave:
Like modern Heroes.
Baj. See, ſee! She comes all glorious to the Bed
Of Barbarous *Tamerlane*, deſign'd to breed
A race of running *Tartars*! Mercileſs Gods,
I cannot, will not bear it. [*Knocks his head againſt the Cage.*
Rag. So I'll be gone.
Jaylor, go help him forwards, I'll prefer thee:
'Tis time his mouth were ſtopt; the vile Blaſphemer!
It is the Emperor wills it.
Jayl. Then 'tis done, Sir.
Rag. 'Twill make mad work, i'faith! Now She'l abhor
Great *Tamerlane*, and do ſome worthy Miſchief,
And I ſhall be her Confident; for, if
The Emperor Loves, *Axalla* will decline
The ſcandalous Office: I ſhall guide th' Intrigue:

For-

For ſtill I ſooth his proud o'reweening Spirit
To his Deſtruction. Fool, to think ſuch blows
Can be forgot, or ſalv'd with Balmy Flattery!
Injuries are Immortal; kept alive
By thoſe that give, no leſs than thoſe that take 'em:
One juſtly hopes, the other fears Revenge,
Purchaſing Safety by a ſecond blow.
Tame Chriſtians court Affronts: Let him not live,
And worſhip *Mahomet*, that can forgive. *Exit.*

Axalla, Irene.

Ax. D'ye hear the news?
Iren. What, of my Fathers Love?
Ax. Nay, more than that; The death of *Bajazet*:
Juſt now found dead in's Cage, wallowing in's Blood.
Iren. 'Tis ſtrange! I'm ſure 'twas not my Father's act.
Ax. I cannot tell: this Love will change a man
As much as a new Faith; and Proſelytes
At their admiſſion are injoin'd great Tasks.

Enter Deſpina *weeping, and* Ragalzan.

Here comes the Mourner, and the Miſchief-maker:
I like not their acquaintance.
Iren. I wonder that he finds ſuch Favor with the Emperor?
Ax. That his quick Eye ſees not his bungling Flattery,
The Seam's ſo viſible and groſs.
Deſp. O ſad, ſad Story!
Rag. 'Twas as I told you, and your Dream confirms it.
Iren. Oh, they come near! How can I bear with patience
The ſight of her, that gives ſo great Diſquiet
To my great Father; blaſts his glorious Name?
Rag. Madam, did you obſerve?
Deſp. What makes the Princeſs fly me?
Am I brought hither to be ſcorn'd as well as injur'd;
Theſe are your *Tartarian* manners!
Rag. 'Tis not her Education, but Religion?
She's bred a Chriſtian, and betroth'd to this *Axalla*:

'Twas

'Twas they perſwaded the Emperor to this Murder.
Deſp. Did they? a wondrous Act! Oh, my dear Sultan!
Juſt Heav'ns lend me the Power to vindicate his wrongs;
Send me the Furies, I will turn 'em Saints
By this my holy Juſtice. Oh, oh, oh! (*Weeps*).
Rag. And, ſince this peeviſh Girl has heard her Father's Paſſion,
She Vows ſhe'll never ſee you; tho you ſhou'd ſtoop
To be her Father's Wife.
Deſp. A pretty Spark!
But I will ſee her, tho I walk through Flames
To meet her.

Enter Tamerlane.

Tam. Bleſs me, 'tis ſad! I was to blame, to urge
His patience to that height: and yet he ſcorn'd
All offers at my hands, and had deſign'd
For me, the ſelf-ſame Cage, taken at *Tamris*.
'Tis true, I order'd that *Deſpina* ſhou'd
Not yet come near him, but that was not well.
Ha! there ſhe is, and I begin to change;
In vain I ſtruggle with Love's mighty Yoke,
And the contention 'twixt two powerful Paſſions
Lays waſt my Mind.
This Soultry heat of Love has ſcorch'd up quite
The temperate Climes of Virtue: I'm become
Like the *Arabian* Deſart, dry, unfruitful,
Where nothing grows for Mankind's uſe,
'Tis all but horrid Rocks and Precipices,
And Tempeſt-beaten Sands to blind Men's Eyes,
And bury 'em alive. How can I give
Account of my great Charge?
Rag. He's in his Paſſion: now I'll give him counſel.
Might I preſume to gueſs your Royal troubles,
The beauteous Captive gives you ſome Diſquiet.
Tam. Audacious Wretch! how dar'ſt thou ſearch into
The Soveraign's Breſt, and rudely touch his Wounds?
Rag. You pity, Sir, her Husband's diſmal Fate.
Tam. True: wsth unfeigned Sorrow.

Rag.

Rag. But, Sir, may I proceed a little farther?
And 'tis my humble care for your contentment,
And the continuance of your ſpotleſs Fame,
Tho for my Duty I ſhou'd meet my death
By my too forward Zeal: yet I will ſpeak
My Conſcience for the Public.

Tam. Speak thy Grievance.

Rag. The death of Friends is but a Skin-deep wound
To tough Mankind: The Earth is over-ſtock'd,
The Feeding's bare; the leſs the Herd, the fatter.
What then of Foes, or Rivals? Love's a Paſſion
No *Hero* ought to bluſh for; 'tis their own:
It is the nobleſt Error of great Minds,
Or a Perfection rather; born of the
Same Parent Valor is, exceſs of Heat:
'Tis a Majeſtic Madneſs, Heav'nly Fury;
None ever ſcap'd it of the Gods, or Heroes.

Tam. What then? Speak out.

Rag. Why then, 'tis ſtrongly rumor'd
That you are touch'd with that Celeſtial frailty.

Tam. Is it divulg'd ſo ſoon? Well then ſince thou
Haſt gueſs'd ſo well, I'll tell thee my Diſeaſe.
She is the firſt of all that trivial Sex
That ever gain'd the out-works of my Heart,
A kind Eſteem; But more, S' has fir'd the Fort,
And turn'd out all the vigorous Defendants,
The Manly Vertues that ſecur'd the Place:
I ne'r knew Love before, but for State Int'reſt,
Which pains the Prince's Body for the Public.

Rag. So much the worſe. The firſt Loves are moſt dangerous:
The reſt are flaſhes, Sparkles of the former,
Doubly reflected Rainbows, dying Eechoes;
Diſeaſes of the Brain are ſeldom cur'd;
And their firſt Fits moſt fatal, if delay'd.
What fills the World with Madmen? Is't not Love?

Tam. My Reaſoning faculty, that was my guide,
Is ſo bewildred in this Hellish Fog,
That I do often grope for't, ſeldom find it.
Is there no Cure for this?

Rag.

Rag. One, very natural : Breathing of a Vein in Fevers,
Or giving Vent to Veſſels that wou'd break.
Tam. Oh ; but Diſcourſe and Time, may Conquer Paſſion.
Rag. Stay till a tickling Cough turns a Conſumption,
For want of taking ſuch a Sugar'd Medicine.
Stateſmen in Love begin their Alphabet,
'Tis a new World, an undiſcover'd Coaſt.
I've Lov'd, Enjoy'd ; and Lov'd, and loſt : There is
No Rock, nor Shelf, in all the dangerous Road
Of Woman, but I am your Pilot for't.
Take it from me, tho Honor gets the better,
'Tis a moſt coſtly Victory : puts you to
Th' expence of many thoughtful hours, and waſts
A wiſe Man's Brain, that's fit for nobler uſes.
Love lyes in Ambuſh ; when you think the leaſt on't,
Rallies again, and routs th' unſetled Victor :
And, tho 'tis oft pluck'd up with endleſs labor,
The rank Weed ſtill appears.
But think I, you ſhou'd make a Life of Paſſion,
To whine, and dally, and to truck for hearts
Some Months, or Years, like other common Mortals?
A Prince's Love's to like, and to enjoy ;
And then at once away with Love, and puling Paſſion.
Tam. Are there no limits then for Princes Paſſions?
Rag. There may be ; yet 'twere better to be eas'd
At any rate, than leave the World neglected :
Millions of Souls draw vital breath from yours.
The Soldiers murmur that you ſtop your Progreſs ;
Pauſing upon ſuch Toys ; yet take this Cordial :
Fortune has made her free, without your guilt.
Attempt to gain her Love by fair perſuaſion,
And take her to your Wife.
Tam. 'Twere not unlawful ;
But, oh, 'tis Raſh, 'tis Baſe, 'tis out of Seaſon.
Rag. Then will you ſtill expoſe this worthy Paſſion
To your deriding Foes, and grieving Friends ;
Carry the Baby Love about the Army,
And ask the Soldiers how it does become you ?
Ta. Thy Reaſons have ſom weight : my Thoughts are wandred,

And blown about with every guſt of Paſſion,
For want of Reaſon's Ballaſt.-----Here ſhe comes,

Enter Deſpina.

And turns thy Problems all to Demonſtrations.
Rag. I, and ſhe comes to court you: pray make uſe on't.
Deſp. Down, down proud Billows of my Stormy Breſt,
Be calm one moment, till I ſearch a little
The great Diſturber of my injur'd Soul,
Then rage again, till Fury bids you ceaſe.

Sir, can you ſpare no Cordial for my Fears?
No Balm, to ſtop the Iſſue of my Tears?
Or muſt I be the Fountain of your Court,
To weep in Artful forms, to make you Sport?
Tam. Dry Clouds, and empty Griefs long hide the day;
The Diſmal'ſt Vapors weep themſelves away:
Thoſe Eyes will ſhine again, or Heav'n decay.
Deſp. Talk not of Luſtre, Sir; reſtore my Light,
And give me the lov'd Object of my Sight.
Tam. She knows not of his death; what need I name it?
By the quick notice on't, and his hard uſage,
She'l think I caus'd it: but I will prepare her, *Aſide.*
As if ſhe made the moſt ſevere Conjectures.
Well, Madam, none with Reaſon can deny
Their own requeſt: Suppoſe adjudg'd to dye
A Priſoner was, at whoſe Obnoxious birth
The Squint-ey'd Stars ſhot vengeance on the Earth
Heav'ns Fiery Flail, the Whip for reſtive Mortals,
To make 'm draw through Flames in Yokes of Iron,
The Mildew of your Hopes, Seed of your Fear;
And wou'd you in exchange that Priſoner ſpare?
Deſp. Were he the greateſt Monſter Nature teem'd
From her erroneous Womb; *Satan* redeem'd,
And once again relapſing to his Nature,
Plotting to cheat the winking wiſe Creator;
The Plague-ſore of the World, Factor to Fate,
Bloody as reaſon of Uſurping State

Or,

Or, if to ſave his Life, I loſt my own,
My *Bajazet* ſhould live; nay, live without a Throne.
But, oh!

Tam. Then here your Captive ſtands,
Chain'd faſt in *Cupids* thin tenacious Bands;
Strong, tho unſeen; like thoſe of Fate, I feel
Love's Airy Nets, thoſe Cobwebs made of Steel:
Pity the Wretch whom all extreams do move,
Who cannot hope for, live without your Love.

Deſp. Doſt thou abuſe me too! thou needſt not wear
Such ſtudy'd Cruelty to mock Deſpair.
I came to taſt, not ſwallow Candyed Poyſons;
Curious to know, how many Sulphurous Devils
That weak and leaky Veſſel Man,
Hoop'd with Hypocriſie, might hold, who is
A Paſtboard Cask, a very Sieve to Virtue.
Tyrant, I come not to divert my Fate,
But to chafe on, and ſcarifie thy Hate.
Phlegmatic Fiend, *Dutch* Devil, doſt thou think
Thy Murders can be ſtifled, Gods can Wink,
When ſuch great Stars as *Bajazet* add Light
To Heav'n, and make thy Crimſon'd Earth more bright?
Hid in their blackneſs doſt thou think thy Deeds?
Thy Cloven Foot peeps through thy Hermits Weeds.

Tam. How quickly ſhe had notice of his death!

Deſp. Curs'd be thy ill-got Empire, curs'd thy Race,
Live to its own deſtruction, thy diſgrace:
And when thy Rebel Offspring is ſubdu'd,
Thy trembling hand in thy own blood embru'd:
Then may thy paſſions war againſt each other:
May Luſt and Pride, the Idols of the Great,
Command ſtill contraries, and mock thy Prayers;
Torn with wild Horſes of croſs-drawing Cares,
Thoſe Brazen Bulls due to their Ingineers;
May Hopes ſpring up, and ſtill be choak'd with Fears,
And may'ſt thou always aym, and ever miſs:
I wiſh thee a long life, but ſuch as this.

Tam. Pray give me leave——

Desp. Nor dye thou by thy Sorrows, Sword, or Laws;
For I would have thee live, without a Cause.
May still some Clouds of hopeless Passion blind
When Honour, with its Sunshine, cheers thy Mind:
Ne'r mayest thou Love, but find the Women chast;
Nor e'r be proud, but by scorn'd Love abas'd:
And when thy slie misfortunes flatter most,
May each nak'd Beauty prove a horrid Ghost.
May Schreech Owls make thy Music, Toads thy Pictures,
Thorns and ill Conscience stuff thy Beds of down:
And may thy Torments never find a date,
Till Heav'n wants power to Plague, or Hell to Hate. *Ex.*

Tam. Bless me! what Thunder, and what Lightning too!

Rag. Oh, Sir, she is the haughtiest, and the wyliest Dame,
That ever liv'd.

Tam. Yet she appear'd so sweet, so innocent,
Who look'd for Storms from so serene a Sky?
Good Gods, what Charms! Her very Frowns are Philtres.
Her Treaty undermin'd my tender part;
This noble Rage, fires and blows up my heart.

Rag. And 'twas a just one too. Have you not us'd
Her Husband like a wild Beast, and incag'd him,
Made him your Footstool, worse Indignities
Than death it self, deny'd her to come near him,
And since, as she thinks, caus'd him to be murder'd?

Tam. Heav'n knows, I knew not of his death, but grieve for't.

Rag. And I know too; but what can salve the wild
Objections of a blear-ey'd Jealous mind,
To whom well polish'd Truth looks most like Varnish,
And Arguments serve but for Aggravations?
Most Men believe you caus'd it, and 'tis talk'd of;
For 'tis the Fate of wise Men, to be thought
To act what Interest, not Justice bids them:
And Histories do oftner palliate Crimes,
Than publish 'em: There is more Wickedness
Than all the World's aware of, (or you either. *Aside*)
To clear the Truth is now impossible,
Since she has found you love her; which she'l judge

To

To be the cauſe, more than State-Rivalſhip.
But, wou'd you take my Judgement, Sir, I'de own it;
And ſay, I did it for her Love, not Empire.
Tam. What! Shall I own a Lye, and wound my Honor?
Rag. What, by a little Love-talk, blown away
With the next Wind? Ten Lyes to every Truth;
Where he that talks the moſt, ſtill thinks the leaſt on't.
Love is a Lye it ſelf: there's no ſuch Paſſion:
And Truth to Women makes men moſt ſuſpected,
Becauſe 'tis rarely practic'd.
No Woman takes her ſelf to be a Monſter;
Yet ſhe wou'd be ſo, if her Eyes were Stars,
Her Lips of Roſes, and her Face of Lillies:
Why, Traps were made for Foxes, Gins for Hares,
Lime-twigs for Birds, and Lyes & Oaths for Women.
Tam. Thou 'rt a rare Artiſt in Love's Myſteries!
But then, ſuppoſe this ſhou'd incenſe her more?
Rag. Why, then 'tis but t'unſwear the ſame things o'r
Again: How can a credulous Woman
Diſcern a Truth, from Falſhood?
Her Reaſon yields, and Paſſion takes the Sway:
Then ſwear there are no Stars, becauſe 'tis Day
That hides them all; Truth is aſham'd to ſtay,
And dares not ſhow her naked open breſt
To an excuſe that's rich, and finely dreſt.
Tam. Oh brave *Ragalzan*! thou canſt turn and wind
A Woman, like an Engine.
Rag. They 're no more;
Manag'd as eaſily by dexterous Men:
Work up their Paſſions, then they are on Horſeback
Without a Bridle; drive 'em where you pleaſe.
As we are to the Gods, ſo they to us
Are meer Machines.
Tam. I, ſuch Machines, as Ships, that drown their Sailors;
Such Brutes, as break their Maſters Necks.
Well, I may uſe ſome Art, yet cannot travel
Far from the Road of Honor:
But I am Rough, and ne'r was made for Courtſhip.
Rag. Great Souls are fit for all things; Try your Rhetoric,

Which

Which never fail'd you yet to win Mankind:
Woman is eaſier gain'd; Nature's your Party,
And lays 'em open to the leaſt attack. *Exit* Tam.

'Tis hard, when a Man's own Wit runs ſo low, that he is forc'd to let in the Tide of another Man's Counſel; 'tis as fatal and ſlaviſh, as borrowing of Money. Now will *Deſpina*, when ſhe's a little cooler, tell him that formal Tale I told her; How, that upon very high, and opprobrious Language to the Emperor, one of the Keepers, by his order, ſtruck *Bajazet*, that he dyed on't: which is not ſo very Barbarous, but *Tamerlane* perhaps will own it a little to try her temper; but he ſhall never be believed, if he unſwear it a Thouſand times. He is a Man of ſo much Honor, That a Lye of his is more credible than a Verdict of Twelve Men. 'Tis not good to uſe a Man's ſelf to be too punctual: 'tis too like an Engine; Every Man knows where to have him.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Tamerlane, Deſpina, Ragalzan *following*.

Rag. SO, the work is doing, and my Pupil
Is ſtrong in Argument againſt himſelf.
What neither Hate nor Reaſon could ſuggeſt,
Nor Malice hope for, Beauty has ſupply'd;
What all the Univerſe could ne'r have ſhaken,
One Female has ſubverted: That great Mind,
That thought the World too little, creeps and fawns
Like a well-beaten Spaniel. Now's the time,
Now he lies open, bare from the protection
Of his own Virtues, by the Gods forſaken,
Bound hand and foot by Woman, and deliver'd
To my Correction: But I'le uſe him gently;
Gently as Bears the Robbers of their Whelps, as Lions
The Men that ſtick their Javelins in their ſides,
As Clowns their Plunderers, Thieves broke looſe their Judges,
As Lawyers Clients, or Electors Ale,

As

As Brokers Bankrupts, Senates needy Princes,
Truſtees a Minor, Prieſts a ſinful Purſe,
Mad Dogs their Mates, and Wives their Husbands Whores.
Tam. Dreams are but Vapors of ſome Thoughts miſlayd,
Still'd and retorted without Reaſons Aid,
Poyſons of Quiet by ill mixtures made.
Deſp. Awake I ſaw and heard his bleeding Ghoſt,
And of this Barbarous Fact thy *Tartars* boaſt:
And didſt not thou ſtrive to conceal it moſt?
Tam. aſide. Too ſtrong Preſumptions make Denyals vain;
Truth is not ſeen by Judgements prepoſſeſt,
No more than Light by Eyes with Rheume oppreſt:
I'll try what uſe of Fiction may be made.
Then tell me, Madam, how has Fame traduc'd me?
Deſp. Fierce Hypocrite, when thou hadſt him deny'd
The ſight of me, whom he lov'd more than Life,
Or Health, or Fame; tho at thy mercy Cag'd,
A Generous Diſdain fill'd his brave mind,
He call'd thee wandring *Tartar*, Conquering Begger,
That Want, not Honor, forc'd thy ſtarveling Soul
To prey abroad, and urge thee to a Fortune
Thou ne'r deſir'dſt, nor dream'd of: ſtrait his Keeper
By thy fierce Frowns encourag'd, gave the Prince
A fatal blow.
Who falling down, Is this thy Zeal, he cry'd?
This thy Devotion, *Tamerlane?* and dy'd.
Tam. It was my Zeal, and my Devotion too,
If not to Heav'n, or Nature, yet to You:
Fame the forerunner of your Conquering Eyes,
That wand'ring Tell-tale, made my Heart your Prize.
What Intereſt or Safety ne'r cou'd woo,
The dawning of your Light forc'd me to do;
What may your Form, full Riſen, tempt me to?
Rivals on Earthly Thrones may claim a Station,
But Violence for Heav'n is ſoft perſuaſion:
Beauty belongs to him that Worſhips beſt,
Exalts her Deity above the reſt,
Tramples on Law, Religion for her ſake.
Deſp. Impious wretch, muſt I thy Crimes partake?

No

No, Tyrant, 'twas Ambition mov'd the Wheel,
And ground thoſe Reaſons, back'd and Edg'd with Steel.
Tam. Accuſe Tyrannic Heav'n that made you bright,
Accuſe thoſe killing Eyes; not my weak Sight.
I did a Crime, without my own conſent;
And Juſtice pardons, where there's no intent:
When Love commands, who dare's be Innocent?
Blame not the Ship that falls foul on another;
But blame the Winds that blow it: Neighbourly Streams
Keep in their Deſtin'd bounds, till Showrs from Heav'n
Conſtrain 'em to invade the Friendly Earth
With as unqueſtion'd Power
As that which gives it from the higheſt Cauſe;
Celeſtial Viſions cancel written Laws.
Deſp. If Man may act what e'r he's mov'd to do,
The ſame Man is both Judge and Party too:
Bodies and Souls are ſo in Marriage ty'd,
Their diſtinct Iſſues hardly are deſcry'd;
But well known Body is the ſurer ſide.
Inſpired thoughts may flow from Heav'n or Hell,
But *Æthiops* Baſtards will their Fathers tell:
Charge not the Gods with thy Infernal Sins;
Murder and Piety cannot paſs for Twins.
Tam. I urg'd their Power, but now defend their Juſtice.
Impartial Heav'n, not robbing all the reſt,
Cou'd not permit by one to be poſſeſt
So great a Joy ſo long.
Too happy *Bajazet*'s compendious youth,
Which bath'd in Bliſſes, envy'd by the Gods,
When for one hour of Heav'n in your fair Arms
I'de forfeit all my Right to endleſs Ages.
But, if you call a Crime what Heav'n commands,
Tho clear'd above, yet I have loſt my Cauſe.
In vain the Priſoner pleads his Innocence,
Who'd rather dye, than anger his Accuſer.
Then, if my death can expiate that Act,
That controverted Crime 'twixt Heav'n and you,
Here, take this Sword; Come, pierce this Amorous Breſt:
Th'Impreſſion made by your fair hand, will be

Softer

Softer than down of Swans, than Showers of Roſes,
Softer than Rain on Wool, whoſe patient Fleeces
Take without noiſe, or murmur, Heav'nly Blows;
Softer than gentle Air, that breaths from any Lips, but yours.
Returns of Paſſion, Sighs and mutual Vows,
Joys and Confeſſions of Intranced Lovers.
Deſp. I'll keep thee for a greater puniſhment;
Nor the ſlow Tortures of juſt Heaven prevent.
Tam. Aſſume Heav'ns power once more, and puniſh Laws,
Correct the Crime of which you was the Cauſe:
In you 'tis Juſtice, and I'll ne'r repine
To Love, to Sin, to Dye, by Power Divine.
Ah, ſweet occaſion of my Pains!
Cou'd all my Pleaſures, all my Gains,
Empire ſurrendred, but contract
Pardon for one reſiſtleſs Act:
Cou'd my afflicted Soul but have
One Tear, to ſanctifie my Grave;
I'de leave the World, and dying boaſt
That Pearl wou'd pay for *Aſia* loſt.
Deſp. Who can believe ſo falſe, and fierce a Creature,
Tranſcendent Prince of Hypocrites!
Tam. She's greater,
Who kills and tramples Mankind at her Feet,
And yet appears ſo harmleſs and ſo ſweet.
Deſp. No, Tyrant, live; becauſe I loath thy Offering;
Repent, and waſh thy Venom out with Tears:
I wou'd not ſend the Gods a Preſent out of ſeaſon,
An unclean Sacrifice, the worſt of all the Herd.
Thy Sorrow ſeems the truer, 'cauſe 'tis juſt,
And Penitence prevails with Powers above:
I can afford my Pity, not my Love.
Tam. Then Life is given me, but Love deny'd!
A wondrous motive for that daring Deed!
Dy'd *Bajazet* for this? that I might Reign.
Then I am guilty: take o'r rated Life,
Since Villany is grown ſo poor and cheap
To take a Bribe from any thing but Love.
Cleanſe not a Houſe on purpoſe to pull down,

Wash not a bloody Garment, but to wear it;
Nor let a Sully'd Coin, that wears th'Impression of
Your Heav'nly Face, be scour'd and brightned, only
To throw away.
By *Mahomet*, and by his Master too,
Give me thy Love, and the whole World is thine;
That great share I possess: that lesser, left unconquer'd
To exercise my Arms, inspir'd by thee;
My Fifty Realms, with all the Lives within 'em,
Men, Women, Children, Beasts, and every Inch
Of ground they feed on in that spacious Pasture,
My Seas with all their Fish, my Air, My Birds, my Clouds;
And if the Sun, and Moon, and Stars receive
Their Aliment from my exhaled Empire,
Then they are mine, and them I will give thee too:
And thou shalt call me Niggard when I have done,
Unless I gain more Crowns to strow thy feet with.

Desp. Well, I'll consider twice, 'fore I undo Thee,
And All the World, by this large Donative:
If you are Real, you may hope for Love.

Tam. My Word on Earth, my Oath's a Law Above.
Ex. leading her.

The Scene the outside of the Fort.
Alarms, and Fighting behind the Scenes.

Enter Zeylan.

Zey. All's lost; but thus far I've escap'd: 'Twere better
T'have left all to the Mercy of Generous *Tamerlane*;
But now 't's too late.
Yet I am more concern'd for my *Philarmia*,
Than Life, or Fame, or Liberty, or Country.

Enter Six or Seven Soldiers.

Ha! what, surpriz'd!

1 *Sold.* Stand, Traytor; yield.

2 *Sold.* Deliver.

Zey. Lives are not sold so cheaply. *(Fights, and is disarm'd.)*

Enter

Enter Philarmia, *Amazon-like diſguis'd.*

Phil. What ſhall I do? there is no quarter given,
My *Zeylan* will be ſlain! Cou'd I but meet him!
Oh Heav'ns! he's yonder, ready to be Butcher'd! [*Runs upon*
Hold, Soldiers, hold; I've Orders from *Axalla* [*the Soldiers.*
To ſave his Life: Hold, hold; he is my Priſoner.
Now, with a Fiction, will I try his Faith.
Is your Name *Zeylan?*
Zey. Yes.
Phil. Then, Sir, you owe this Favor to a Lady,
Whoſe Intereſt prevail'd above the Orders of the Emperor,
The fair *Irene*; who commanded me
To ſeek you out, and ſave you.
Zey. That life ſo ſpar'd, ſhall be enjoy'd no longer
Than till ſhe calls it back, and ſtill employ'd
In the moſt rigorous of her Commands.
Phil. But, Sir, ſuch Favors come not, but on Terms:
The Princeſs loves you.
Zey. It is her Mercy, ſure, but not her Love.
Phil. No, no; ſhe Loves you, and with Juſtice asks
Your Love, without a Rival.
Zey. Nor is it fit, that ſo Divine a Princeſs
Shou'd be the ſharer only of a Heart,
But the intire Poſſeſſor.
Alaſs, my humble Thoughts duſt never aim
At ſuch high flights; but if I ever fix 'em,
My Faithful Heart is not to be divided
In worthleſs Rags, and made a ſport for Winds,
But Conſecrated to one Deity:
Love and Religion both admit no more.
Phil. So, ſo; he yields: Oh, the perfidious Wretch!
Then ſhall I bring her back the welcom meſſage
Of your true Love?
Zey. That's too preſumptuous;
But of Gratitude,
Of unreſtrain'd Devotion to her Service,
Which neither Death, nor Dangers, ſhall deter

From Desperate Obedience.

Phil. Crafty Traytor!
He dares not say he loves her; but 'tis plain.
I'll probe him deeper:
She hears you have a Mistress, call'd *Philarmia.*

Zey. I had; but Heav'n alone can tell, if now I have her.

Phil. And did not she deserve your dearest Thoughts?

Zey. She was, or is, what nothing can be more.

Phil. And is this all? False Man! Now to the quick.
You must renounce her, or your Life: Be brief.

Zey. Renounce her! What, shall I renounce the Gods,
Forswear Eternal Joys, and blessed Mansions,
Cut off my hopes from Heav'ns Seraphic Pleasures,
Then, here, resume your mighty Gift,
My Life has ever been a Slave to Honor;
Shall it not serve a Nobler Master, Love?
Not all the Tortures, Crosses, Scourges, Chains,
Those double Deaths, all the refin'd Inventions
That Witty Malice makes for Misery;
Not all the Thunders, Lightnings, Earthquakes, Floods,
Terrestrial Terrors, or Celestial Fits,
The Frowns of Angry Heav'n, or Smiles of Beauty,
Shall force me to abjure such glorious hopes,
Or turn Apostate to Divine *Philarmia.*

Phil. Then take thy Life, and thy *Philarmia* too, [*Discovers her self.*
Thou justest, dearest Soul.

Zey. Blest Image! art thou here? Oh, may I trust
My Senses, or thy Word? My dear Deceiver!
Dear, desperate self-destroyer!

Phil. But thy Preserver.
Why, did not I foresee that I shou'd save thee?
Which is the better Soldier now?

Zey. Philarmia.
Oh thou art full of Fame; thou may'st retire,
Like a rich lazy General.

Phil. I'll consider;
But here's no time to pour our Passions out,
The Army's coming this way: I'll go back,
And stop the Soldiers from pursuing thee.

Go ſeek thy ſafety in ſome loneſome Cave;
Then ſend me word, and I will find thee out:
I'll take my leave of the Victorious World,
To ſhare in thy Diſtreſſes.

Zey. Stay a little:
Oh, ſtay awhile! Who knows when we ſhall meet?

Phil. Lovers, in abſence, have delights peculiar:
If nought but what is preſent gives us Pleaſure,
What Joy have Parents, when their Children wander
In proſperous Voyages? What Joy have Princes,
In Victories remote? What Joy have Uſurers,
When Mony travels, to enrich it ſelf?
Then bleſs thy ſelf with Hope, ſweeteſt of Paſſions,
Which Abſence gives us, Preſence robs us of.

Zeyl. Feed me not with imaginary Joys.
The envious World, with its ill-natur'd Tricks,
And Accidental Croſſes, may divide us:
The Gods themſelves deſire not, men ſhou'd have
Such filling Joys, as thou and I poſſeſs;
Leſt they ſhould ſlight eternal Happineſs.
Oh, let us part no more! how can I leave thee?

Phil. Well, well, then I'm content; let me be caught
In conference with thee; let me be ſlaughter'd,
Let me be torn alive, ſince *Zeylan* wills it:
Come let's begin to talk. [*Trumpets ſound.*

Zey. Oh, hark, the Trumpet! Haſt thou hence like Lightning;
Why ſhould I make thee loſe thy precious Life,
For ſaving mine? Farewel, Farewel, my Deareſt:
If I go with thee, we ſhall both be ſlain.

Phil. Parting, or Death, which is the greater Pain?

Ex. ſeverally.

Tamerlane, *and* Deſpina, *ſitting upon Thrones.*
An Antic Dance, and a
SONG.

GReatneſs, I give thee my excuſe,
For thee I have no leiſure;
Nor Care what Buſ'neſs can produce,

For

For Life's too ſhort for Pleaſure:
Count Griefs, Diſeaſes, Love's diſdains,
What need theſe Artificial Pains?
Nature invites us to a Treat,
And gives us but ſhort time to ſtay;
While Coxcombs Carve, and Wiſe Men Eat,
Death, the cloſe Waiter, takes away.
Count Griefs, &c.

Tam. Now, Madam, I'm in Heav'n, my Soul rides high,
And treads th' unyielding Air: nothing can ſink
What you have rais'd ſo vaſtly.
Where have I ſlept all thoſe deluding years,
And dream'd of Joys, but never taſted any
Till this tranſporting, Deifying minute?
How have I toil'd, turn'd upſide down the World,
Begging Mens Voices to be counted happy,
And at this Fairy Feaſt have ſtill roſe hungry!
Drunk with Ambition I ſaw all things double;
But, when I came to taſte the Airy Joys,
They fled the feeling: now, my Soul runs over,
I am all Joy, all Plenty, all Abundance.

Deſp. But theſe imagin'd Joys may come far ſhort
Of expectation, cloy you to repentance;
And then you'l curſe th'Inchantreſs, and the *Syren.*

Tam. Oh, never, never; I cou'd gaze away
My Life, upon theſe over-powring Charms,
This all-ſupplying Face, till Death did fix me
In this Triumphant poſture, far more glorious
Than all the Statues of the Ancient Heroes,
Who fool'd away their Lives for leſs rewards:
Oh, I am all content, all Wealth, all Pleaſure!
Well, Madam, have you thought of your demand:
That I may pay my Vows; and that great Bond,
Drawn betwixt Love and Beauty, that's Recorded
In the Eternal Regiſters, be cancel'd?

Deſp. I have, Sir; but you'l think it is too much
To grant: Alaſs! my humble, worthleſs Perſon
Can never merit ſuch a mighty Gift.

What is there in me, that cou'd prompt you to
So kind, ſo raſh a Vow? You only meant
To Conquer and delude a credulous Woman.
Tam. By all the Oaths that I have ſworn before,
And, if thou urgeſt, by ten Thouſand more,
There's nothing in my power that I'll refuſe thee.
Deſp. Then, Sir, deliver up to me your Daughter
Bound in Chains; your dear, and fair *Irene.*
Tam. My Daughter, bound in Chains! She is no Thief,
Nor Murderer: what Offence has ſhe committed
Againſt your Self, or Me? Pray ask again:
Command th' *Aſſyrian*, *Perſian*, *Grecian* Empires,
I have enough beſides; I'll make thee Greater
Than *Ninus*, *Cyrus*, or than *Alexander*,
All three united, and yet leſs than me;
But, having me, thou'rt greater than us all:
The Emperors of the World are but thy Slaves,
When I am thine. But why this vain requeſt?
Take the four Monarchs Lands;
They are Confiſcated, and given to me,
For Treaſon 'gainſt their Maker:
But why my Pious, deareſt Child?
What is ſhe guilty of, that can deſerve
Such Ignominious, fatal reparation?
Deſp. I ſee, great Monarchs can diſpence with Vows;
Such Fetters are not made for boundleſs Souls.
Farewell, moſt mighty Prince;
Live long, and fortunate, without *Deſpina.* [*Exit.*
Tam. Ha! what a change is this? How ſoon my Joy's
Unravel'd, and my Soul from topmoſt Stories
Sunk to the bottom of moſt damn'd Deſpair;
Wound up ſo high, to make her fall the greater!
What have I done? deliver'd up my daughter
To certain Death. Heav'n, what a Conflict's this!
Not all the Beauties of the Univerſe
Shall make me yield to ſo abhorr'd an Act,
But I have Vow'd: But 'twas a Lover's Vow,
Whoſe Perjuries are laugh'd at. No; there is
No jeſting with Divinity. But how

Comes

Comes *Tamerlane* reduced to this neceſſity?
Why, *Tamerlane*'s in Love. A goodly Precedent
For Envious Poſterity to diſcant on!
A fine concluſion of a Glorious Life!
Oh Heav'n, the Guide and Proſpect of my Actions,
Let thy kind Thunder end the ſhameful doubt:
Deſtroy me at this Moment; let me tread
No longer theſe inglorious ſteps, nor daſh
Thy unexampled Favors on the Ground
By ſuch a childiſh Act. Love, keep thy diſtance.
But Love now fights under Religion's Banner,
And makes it's Folly Sacred. Death muſt prevent
This loathed Act, and expiate th' Intent. [*Exit.*

An Aſtrologer, Axalla, Irene, *a Captain. Thunder, Lightning, Rainbows inverted, a bloody Arm, Comet,* &c.

Iren. Oh Heav'ns, the dreadful ſight! 'Tis Doomſday coming!
Ax. Ha! Nocturnal Rainbows! Inverted too!
Reflexions anſwering not the form of Luminous Bodies,
And ſuch a Comet as puts out the Stars!
Ceaſe, you bold peepers into Nature's Bowels,
To give the World gloſſie but fading Reaſons:
Nature this day has made a Fool of Art.
Cap. Methinks the Sky wears a more gaudy Dreſs
Than her old gliſtering Garniture of Stars;
There is ſome mighty Revel ſure above:
Hark how they ſtamp, as if they were dancing Jigs!
Ax. How dare you make ſuch Comments on theſe Wonders?
Cap. Faith, Innocence is fearleſs, as 'tis free;
Tho the Frame crack, the Splinters ſhall not fright me.
Shou'd the great Gods, that toſs theſe Fiery Orbs
Like Tennis-balls for Heav'nly recreation,
Let ſlip ſome weighty Globe through careleſs Fingers,
Upon this Head; the Accident's prepar'd for.
Ax. Well ſaid, brave youth, if with reſpect to Heav'n.
Ha! what means this? A bloody Hand, and Writing!
Cap. Scriveners in Heav'n! then there's ſome hopes for Uſurers.
Ax. The hand of Heav'n is drawing ſome Indentures.

Altering

Altering Eſtates in the poor under-World.
Of all the ſights, this does perplex me moſt.
Pray, Sir, your Judgement: 'Tis an Ancient Hand,
I cannot read.

Aſtro. No wonder, Sir; 't has not been us'd
In *China* theſe ten Thouſand years.

Ax. Noble Tradition!

Aſtro. But the Words are theſe, *Kiungſi Honan*;
Which is Interpreted, *Death, Diviſion:*
Some Great Man dyes, and leaves his vaſt Dominions
To dubious Heirs.

Ax. Nothing more likely, Sir;
He that graſps more than's Handful, loſes all.
A lucky Gueſs turns to a Propheſie.

Enter Tamerlane.

Tam. I've urg'd to have my Sentence chang'd in vain,
Told her the Truth, but why ſhould ſhe believe me?
Shou'd the Sun change his Courſe, men might ſuſpect
The Day-light.
The Pole Star, if unfix'd, abſolves the Sailor
From farther Faith. Oh, the vile Rogue *Ragalzan!*
Ha! what a glorious Night after the Storm!
I think a Comet, and an Arm from Heav'n!
Come, Vengeance, come; 'tis time that thou wert come;
Welcom, dear Comet, welcom bloody Paw:
Cou'd I but reach thee, I'de ſhake hands with thee.
Why all this noiſe, and ne'r a flaming Dart
To fix me dead? I thought the Gods durſt ſtrike
When they did threaten. Was there ever Mortal
That more abus'd their Favors, ſtudy'd Acts
More vile, to rouſe up Heav'nly Indignation?
By your Immortal Selves, if you neglect
Your Office, I will ſnatch away Revenge,
The Jewel of your Crown, and put an end
With my own hands to this Inglorious Life.

Ire. Strange Sights i'th' Air, they ſay, foretel great Changes:
What, will theſe Rebels never make an end?

Good Father, ſtay at home, and tell the Stories
Of your great Deeds, to your admiring Friends;
But go to Wars no more: Leave off a winning Gameſter.
One day, you take a Town, and make a Governour;
The next, you win a Country, make a King:
Theſe pay ſome little Chief-rent to their Lord,
Enjoy the reſt themſelves. You take from ſome,
And give it back to others. Why might not leſs
Than all the World ſerve one Man's turn?

Tam. How wiſely thou doſt weigh the Trifles of the World!

Ire. And now you ſigh, the Earth lies heavy on you:
Conquer no more; or let the weighty Ball
Roll off, as it came on.

Tam. Oh, my *Irene!*
'Tis thou doſt cauſe my Grief, my dear diſturber.

Ire. Alaſs! wherein have I offended you?
Perhaps, my want of Duty was the cauſe;
But ſure I meant it not.
If to rejoyce at all your Victories;
If to fall out, with all that leſſen you;
If to diſſolve in Tears, when you're not well;
Or have your Peace diſturb'd with Martial Cares:
If to fall into Swoons when you're in danger,
Be not to love you; then I love you not. [*Weeps.*

Tam. Ah, cruel Girl, begon, I cannot bear thee,
For every look from thee ſtrikes Death into me:
How much more happy art thou now, than I!
Short-ſighted Innocence! thou haſt no Proſpect
Of this thy Danger; the ſad thought of which
Racks my poor Soul, and cuts me up alive,
And tears my Bowels out before my Face!

Iren. Good Sir, what moves you to this fatal ſadneſs?

Tam. Ah! were it fit that thou ſhould'ſt know my Sorrows,
Yet Children ſhould not know their Parents Shame.

Ire. I know your Troubles, and have heard your Vow,
And I can ſatisfie your niceſt Scruples:
Heav'n be my Witneſs, I
Had rather go to death, to give you eaſe,
Than to th'Embraces of a dear-lov'd Hero,

Whoſe

Whoſe Wit cou'd charm, whoſe Valor cou'd ſecure me,
Whoſe Beauty cou'd inflame my frozen Breſt;
Rather than to my Nuptials with *Axalla.*
My Reſignation will be your diſcharge
To Heav'n, and Earth: Injuries are Rewards
When they are begg'd for.

Tam. Greater then wou'd be
Thy kindneſs, and my ſhame, ſhou'd I deſert thee.

Ire. But, Sir, conſider howthe World's Amaz'd,
And Nature's frighted, to ſee you diſorder'd:
Do we not blow up worthleſs Cottages,
To ſave contiguous Palaces, from bold
And diſreſpectful Flames?
And ſhall the World want Order, and direction
From your great Soul, if mine can ſtop its paſſage
To other Orbs, and make the Earth my Debtor?

Tam. So young, ſo wiſe! Why ſure thou art Inſpir'd;
Thy Soul's upon the Wing, and ſees much farther,
Than the unfledg'd Companions of her years,
Ill Omen of thy Fate: Thy Soul's too ripe
To ſtay long in the Shell. Oh, now I fear thee.

Ire. What if I might have liv'd ſome harmleſs years
Of Ignorance, and Youth? Yet if you pleaſe
To pluck off this green Fruit (I will not ſay
Untimely, when you call for't) to content
Some longing Palate,
'Twill not be harſh to me, if not to you.
You gave me Life, and 'tis but to reſtore it,
To pay a debt which you contracted for me;
Let me be juſt to Nature, if not you.

Tam. No more, no more, ſweet merciful Redeemer:
Why art thou come to ſcrue up my Afflictions?
Oh, every Word from thee, againſt thy ſelf,
Does wound my Soul, more than ten Thouſand Daggers.
Dear, cruel Orator, why doſt thou plead
Againſt the Innocent, to ſave the Guilty?
He that does ſpare my life's the worſt of Murderers;
And thou deſerv'ſt to dye, by ſpeaking for me:
I cannot bear thy ſinful Eloquence;

Let not ſo ſweet an Angel plead for *Satan*.
Oh, leave me to the Furies: they're my Council. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Tamerlane, *with* Axalla.

Tam. In what condition is the Enemy?
Ax. Now you ſpeak like your ſelf, a watchful Monarch.
Tam. May not Prince *Zeylan* once again ſurprize us,
Before the general Aſſault be given?
Ax. He may, Sir; but I have intrench'd the Army
With greater ſafety, doubled all the Guards
About your ſacred Perſon.
Tam. Wondrous well.
But then give order ſtrait to all the Rounds
To keep a ſtricter Watch, that whoſoever
Dares ſtir abroad to night, be ſhot at, without mercy;
And let it be proclaim'd without delays:
Secureneſs, more than Cowardiſe, betrays. [*Exit.*
Ax. And yet, pray Heav'n he meditate no miſchief
In mighty Souls, Paſſion's not ſoon ſuppreſt:
Like wounded Whales, they ſtruggle till they dye;
By their impatience they increaſe the ſmart,
Provoke their Pains, and vex a harmleſs Dart,
Toſſing the mighty Maſs till they're on ground,
Their Rage more fatal, than the little Wound. [*Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

A Guard of Muſquetiers; Axalla *and* Irene *behind*.

Enter Tamerlane, *diſguis'd*.

Tam. SLave to my Paſſions, Scandal to my ſelf!
Here ſtand the Ruins of great *Tamerlane*,
Right reverend Remains! Fine moulding Statue!
Poor Thunder-blaſted Oak, ſometime the Glory now
The juſt reproach of all the neighb'ring ſhrubs.
But hold! Self-murder, that Infernal Crime,

Which

Which all the Gods level their Thunder at!
Why, 'tis an Act the Gods admire, and envy,
Becauſe they cannot do't: and where's the wrong?
May not I mow my Graſs, reap my own Corn,
Cut my own Woods, lay down this load of Life,
Without Injuſtice or to Gods, or Men?
Self-preſervation, Nature's Higheſt Law,
Is beſt obey'd, when our Sublimer part,
Tir'd out with Troubles, and chain'd up with Griefs,
Strives to ſhake off her fleſhy Mancles,
And fly to Nobler Dwellings.
Fine Quirk, to ſalve the Conſcience, to let others kill me!
Well, 'tis all one, as if I kill'd my ſelf:
And that's no harm, ſince I'm no more my ſelf:
The Magiſtrate in me deſtroys the Malefactor;
And this form pleaſes beſt, a comlier ſhape
Of Death.

Ax. 'Tis as I gueſs'd; I know 'tis he, by his Majeſtic Meen,
His piercing Eyes that uſe to ſtrike Men ſpeechleſs;
Tho Suns are Clouded, yet the Day-light ſhows
When they're aſcended in our Hemiſphere.

Ire. Oh Heav'ns! It is the Emperor: I'll go to him.

Ax. Oh, by no means, I've told the the Guards already.

Enter Zeylan *diſguiz'd.*

Zey. I hope 'tis not too late, tho time is precious;
Now my *Philarmia*'s acting her laſt part;
My Trumpet ſaw her led away to Judgement,
By this time ſhe's condemned, perhaps led out
To Execution: yet if it were ſo,
How comes the World to be no more diſorder'd,
No Earthquake, no Eclips, Convulſion, Blindneſs?
Can Nature keep an equal Pulſe, or have
A healthful look in ſuch an Agony,
When ſhe that is the Life of Nature's dying?
Ah, poor *Philarmia*! muſt thou loſe thy Life
For ſparing mine? Unhappy headſtrong Girl!
Well, thus far I have got into their Camp

With

With this Diſguiſe: I'll find ſome other means
To ſee this high and mighty God-like Man,
And with this Dagger ſearch his haughty Heart,
And try if it be mortal; ſo prevent
Her Death by the Confuſion, tho I loſe
My Life to do't, or periſh all together.

Tam. All my Commands are loſt, there's none will ſhoot:
I, whom ſo many Millions late obey'd,
Am ſlighted, ſcorn'd. Have I no Friend, nor Foe,
To put a ſtop to my declining Honor?
'Tis hard. Rogues, Traitors, fawning Slaves
To the Coward *Tamerlane*: Now I cou'd wiſh
For raging *Bajazet*, to be my Orator.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis the Emperor, as the General told us.

2 *Sold.* My Life, 'tis he by's Voice; Camrade, my Powder's wet.

3 *Sold.* And my hand ſhakes, I cannot hold my Arms.

Tam. What, Am I yet contemn'd? Slaves, Cowards, Dogs,
Whom do you guard here, wand'ring *Tamerlane*,
That Renegade, Cut-throat, glorious Thief,
Whom Fortune meant the Gallows, gave the Throne to?

Zey. What a bold Fellow's this, that rails againſt
His Prince, and no man ſhoots him? ſure 'tis ſome
Diſcontented Votary of *China*, that contemns
The Conqueror's Laws.
This Fellow may aſſiſt in my deſign. (*Goes up to* Tam.)

Tam. Ha! a Spy o'th' Enemy's!

Zey. Methinks, I ſee
Some diſcontent writ on thy brow: Art thou
So weary of thy Life, to rail upon
The Emperor to his Guards?

Tam. I, that I am:
And I would have him kill'd.

Zey. And ſo wou'd I,
For ſtronger Reaſons, cou'd I paſs his Guards.

Tam. Merciful Providence that brought thee hither,
My dear chance Friend!
I will aſſiſt thee in thy brave deſign,
And bring thee where he is. But, ſince thou 'rt in
A killing mood, thou ſhalt kill me: not that

I love him dearer than I do my ſelf;
But 'tis more Charity to kill a man prepar'd,
To eaſe a Wretch oppreſt,
And groaning under Loads of weighty Sorrows.
Zey. Why ſhou'd I kill an Innocent that ne'r provok'd me?
Tam. Alaſs, I'm not ſo harmleſs;
I have done many vile and barbarous Murders,
Committed Sacrilege, unpeopled Cities:
Here ſtands the Man, that has deſtroy'd more of
Mankind, than ever Mortal did, ſince the Creation.
Zey. Alaſs, poor Frantic Wretch!
Tam. Miſtake me not, I've been a General,
And am guilty of all Crimes, committed
By my Command: Then, if a man deſerves
To dye for ſingle Murders, can the greater
Number excuſe him? Men Duel for Revenge,
A haſty piece of Juſtice, and do freely
Exchange each others Lives, which each man has a right to:
We murder Thouſands that did ne'r provoke us
With wrongful Deed, or Sharper Contumelies.
Zey. In that thou haſt ſome Reaſon.
Tam. Nay, lately I have done the moſt abhorr'd
And Helliſh Act, that Hiſtory e'r ſpoke of:
I have condemn'd a guiltleſs Perſon, twice
Has ſav'd my Life, only to pleaſe my Luſt.
Don't I deſerve Damnation? May not I
Obtain from thy kind Hand, that longs to do
Some great Heroic miſchief,
The lovely Death-ſtroke?
Zey. Alaſs, I pity thee;
And have no cognizance of theſe thy Crimes,
Half waſh'd away by Penitence.
Tam. Well then,
Suppoſe that I was *Tamerlane*; wou'dſt thou not kill me?
Zey. I, that I wou'd, with much more eager haſt
Than quench my Thirſt with *Nectar*, or my Love
With *Venus*, or with *Helen*, or with her
Whom above all my longing Soul holds deareſt;
Lov'd at firſt ſight, and never after chang'd.

Tam

Tam. I ſee 'tis Love that makes us Madmen all.
Then I am *Tamerlane*, the Terror of the World.
Zey. Rather it's Scorn, or Pity. Alaſs, poor Madman!
Wrought up by idle Fumes t'affect to dye
For ſuch a Mighty Monarch.
Tam. I tell thee, I
Am he; the Wrath of Heav'n, the Scourge of Mortals:
'Tis I that have enſlav'd thy Native Soil,
My Sword has Widow'd half the Univerſe,
Turn'd the World wrongſide outwards, in the toſs
Broke all the brittle Laws, that e'r Mankind
Compos'd, their paltry Earthen wares of Juſtice:
And all for Glory, damn'd eternal Fame.
Take thy Revenge.
Zey. Vain Madman, hold thy Peace.
Tam. VVhy then, by *Mahomet*, I am. *Zey.* Falſly.
Thou ſwear'ſt by thy falſe Prophet, who can take
No Vengeance for thy Perjury, nor hears it:
Nor will I e'r believe thee.
Tam. aſide. Double Infidel:
It is impoſſible here to convince him.
VVell, well, I long to dye, 'cauſe Life's a burthen;
But if I ſhow thee *Tamerlane*, in all
His glory, compaſs'd in with Guards, and circled
VVith proſtrate Princes in his bright Pavilion,
And like the Mid-day Sun with all his Rayes about him,
And after find out means to have him ſingle,
And then a way for thee t'eſcape when thou
Haſt kill'd him: VVill that merit Thanks, or Friendſhip?
Zey. VVhy, now thou ſpeak'ſt: and cou'dſt thou make it good,
VVere I the greateſt Man that trod on Earth,
And with my hand cou'd reach the ſpangled Spheres,
And diſtribute mens Fortunes with their Stars;
I wou'd Depoſe my ſelf, to be thy Slave,
And lick the Duſt before thee.
Tam, If I betray thee, Heav'n revenge the Falſhood.
Zey. Come then, my perjur'd Madman, I will truſt thee,
And thou ſhalt Steer me in this unknown Coaſt;
For what have I to ſave, *Philarmia* loſt? [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Ragalzan, Deſpina.

Rag. This was a rare requeſt, a Maſter-piece of Malice:
There's nothing but a Woman cou'd have thought on't.
How cou'd you work him to this height?
Deſp. With eaſe:
Lovers will wind themſelves by Words to Paſſion,
Their Airy Talk turns Fire by Agitation:
Thus, ſometimes yielding, ſometimes aggravating,
'Twixt Hope and Fear, like Ships betray'd by Calms
To greater Storms; I then extorted from him
Such monſtrous Oaths, ſuch wild and Impious Offers,
The Gods might be aſham'd to be ſo Hector'd.
Rag. Oh, good, good, good! But did not he deny
What he affirm'd, as ſoon as he had heard
Your Admirable Suit?
Deſp. Oh, yes, moſt fiercely.
But cou'd I think ſuch mean things of a Hero,
A double *Cæſar*, Triple *Alexander*?
And you had told me all the Truth before.
Rag. It was too true. How cou'd he be ſecure
Had *Bajazet* eſcap'd? The *Turkiſh* Garriſons
Had all revolted. But I've found a way
To make him conſtant to his Vow, and ſwallow't glibly.
The *Mufti*'s here, and the *Derviſes* too,
About Petitions from their ſeveral Churches.
The *Mufti*'s ſupler than a new oyl'd Tumbler,
When you have greas'd his Fiſt: give him a colour,
To make things doubtful, then throw Dice for Juſtice.
They all ſhall find it Lawful, and require him
To offer up his Daughter.
Deſp. That's enough:
Let me alone to give the fatal Period.
But how does he digeſt this Compound Paſſion?
Rag. I come not near him; but he raves Divinely:
Love and Ambition fiercely fight within him;
When Nature ſteps to part them, both fall on her:
Love pities her at laſt, and takes her part,

Then both go to't again, and fight for ever;
Thoſe Maſtiffs are too keen to looſe their hold.
Deſp. Oh, thou refreſheſt me with chearful Sounds,
With all the Muſic of ſublime Revenge!
Oh, thou haſt given me Spirit of Joy to drink!
Rag. Nay, then take t'other Dram. His pretty Daughter
Came to him ſince, and with her innocent Prate
Has ſo betwich'd him, that he went out ſtrait
And told his paſſion to the gaping Army:
And wou'd have kill'd himſelf, if not prevented.
Deſp. I wou'd have hindred him: I wou'd not have him dye
So unprepar'd,
His Life and Fame ſhall periſh both together.
Rag. But yet ſome eaſier way might have been found.
Deſp. This is the nobler method.
I'll wound him in his Fame, his tender'ſt part,
To which his Life has ever been a Drudge,
And run of errands over all the World:
I'll make the angry Lyon ſcourge himſelf
With his own Tail; and then give him his Fate
As certain, as unlook'd for.
When he has offer'd up his bloody Victim
To my great Shrine, his dear and dutiful *Irene*,
The Saviour of his Life, Age's Supporter;
Abhorr'd by all his Friends, by's Foes contemn'd,
Deſerted by Mankind, by Heav'n rejected,
Then let him dye with all his Shames about him.
Petty Revenges, are for Petty Crimes;
And pardon me, great Soul of *Bajazet*,
If th'Earth afford no greater an Atonement
For thy dear Blood.
Pray give me an account of all proceedings,
That we may feaſt our ſelves on his Afflictions.
Rag. I will not loſe my ſhare of the leaſt morſel. [*Exeunt.*

Tamerlane *in his Pavilion: Princes and Servants about him.*

Tam. giving a Ring to one of his Guards. Go tell the Countryman, that ſits without
At the Pavilion Gate, that by this Token,
The man that left him there, deſires him to
Come in: not a word more, upon your duty. [*Exit Guard.*
Now is the time, to put a period to
This languiſhing Diſtemper, flattering Fever,
This merry Madneſs, this *Apulian* Sting,
That makes men rage in meaſures: now I'le ſhake off
This rude Companion, Love, that blinds Men firſt,
Then gives them blows in jeſt, that ſmart in earneſt.

Enter Guard, with Zeylan *diſguis'd.*

Zey. Am I betray'd, or no? Here ſtands the Prince;
But where's my Guide, I know not! 'Tis no matter,
I'll make a bold Attack, and loſe my Life in't.
Tam. Let all withdraw, and leave me with this Stranger.
Come, Friend, draw nearer, view me more exactly,
And tell me, if your Partner in Affliction
Has kept his Word. Am I forſworn, or no?
Am not I *Tamerlane*?
Zey. Death, 'tis the ſame;
Shining in all his Glory! What means this Riddle?
Tam. Nay, fear not to come near me.
Zey. 'Tis not Fear, but Wonder.
Tam. Here, take this Dagger, ſtrike this open Breſt;
But yet, before you do this welcom Act,
Here is the Door you muſt eſcape at, to
The River's ſide; where lies a Boat prepar'd
To take in the next Comer, which will ſtrait
Row you to *Zeylan*'s Citadel, before
The Deed be known: and here's a Cabinet
Not very weighty, but worth many Millions,
The Spoils of *Turky*, *Perſia*, *Ægypt*, *China*,
Muſcovy, *Syria*, *Afric*, *Indoſtan*;

If thou get'ſt clear from hence, thou haſt enough
To purchaſe thee a Kingdom.
Zey. Sure Fame has
Not flatter'd him: he's a Man of wond'rous Virtue!
But Thrones are not exempt from fatal Sorrows.
Can I conſent to kill my Benefactor?
Tam. There's nothing thou canſt do, that can deſerve
So great Rewards, but this. Alaſs! I'm weary
Of Life, my Empire is too great a Burden,
Without the over-weight of private Griefs:
I never yet refus'd the thing was ask'd me,
Nor ever ſent a ſad Man from my preſence;
And ſhall I be deny'd ſo ſmall, ſo juſt a Favor?
Zey. My Vengeance fails me. Moſt Heroic Prince,
I cannot guide this Dagger to your Breſt;
I beg but one Requeſt, in ſatisfaction
Of all the Wrongs, the World, or you have done me.
Tam. Refuſe not this to me, and I'll refuſe thee
Nothing, that my unbounded Empire yields.
Zey. Here on my knees I'il try your Virtue firſt:
I beg, Sir, a young Beardleſs Captain's Life,
That is condemn'd to dye, for letting *Zeylan*
Eſcape, that was his Priſoner. *Tam.* I grant it freely.
Zey. Why, then as freely here I give you *Zeylan*, [*pulls off his diſguiſe.*
With all my Forces, all my Reputation
Acquir'd in Arms, and lye ſtill at your Mercy;
But, know the weighty Reaſon: ſhe's my Miſtreſs
In that diſguiſe. No ſmothering Revenge,
Nor over-looking Envy, nor vile Treaſon,
Mov'd me to this; but her dear Life endanger'd
Urg'd me to undertake your Death, my own,
The ruin of the World, that my fair Saint
Might fly out in the merciful Confuſion.
Tam. But art thou *Zeylan?* Welcom noble Prince, [*Embraces him.*
Prop to thy falling Country, *China's* Redeemer!
Can there be ſo much Virtue in the World?
And Love the Cauſe, dire Love, that monſtrous Paſſion?
'Tis I that am thy Priſoner: here I yield thee
My Sword, with all its Conqueſts, all its Glories,

With

With more ſerene and unconcern'd a Freedom,
Than Virgins do their Beauties, Saints their Souls,
To Heaven, or *Hymen:* but beſure thou give
No Quarter; take my Life; for if thou ſpare it,
Perhaps I may reſume the reſt. Thou art
The fitteſt man to execute this Sacred Act:
Oh, now 'tis Juſtice, that before was Fury.
Zey. Pray, Sir, be pleaſed to call firſt to your Guards;
Her precious Life's at ſtake.
Tam. Guards, make haſt;
Carry my Pardon to the ſentenc'd Captain
That let Prince *Zeylan* ſcape. Now, Sir,
To my Requeſt: be ſpeedy, and begone
With all your Treaſure, leſt the Soldiers Fury
O'rwhelm you. Come, eaſe me quickly.
Zey. I have not, Sir, been bred in Foreign Courts,
Nor can I talk of high-flown Rules of Honor,
Thoſe nice diſtinctionss, fram'd in Virtues School;
But I have ſome rude Sparks of Nature, ſhow me,
By their dim light,
How great a Monſter is Ingratitude.
Tam. Thou art ungrateful then, if thou deny me this
So juſt Requeſt, ſince I have anſwer'd thine:
Death is to me a greater Gift, than Life
Is to thy Miſtreſs. Is there a greater good
Than to be lull'd aſleep from endleſs griefs,
And wake no more to find 'em?
Thou art unjuſt too to thy Native Country;
Nor canſt thou anſwer this to Heav'n or Earth:
Nor will the Ghoſt of all thy ſlaughter'd Friends
Let thee ſleep quiet, till they are Reveng'd;
They'l haunt thee, tear thee in ten Thouſand pieces,
And ſend a Sampler of thee to each Corner
Of the wide Miſchief-ſtudying Earth, to teach
The World the Fate of Traytors to their Country.
Zey. I never heard Great *Tamerlane* abus'd
Heav'ns favors to exceſs; but his kind Sword
Still carv'd out work for his diffuſive Mercy;
The petty Wranglers of the Univerſe

Choſe

Choſe rather to ſubmit to his Juſt Sceptre,
Than to ſubdue each other:
Shall I deprive the World of all its Luſtre,
The Ornament of Story, Task of Fame,
Extinguiſh the great Light graces and guides it,
And by your Glory raiſe my Infamy?
Urge me not to a Crime your ſelf would fly from.
Tam. Is there ſuch Honour in the World beſides?
How many Climates have I paſs'd, and now
At laſt have found it in this Savage Corner?
Sure 'tis Inſtill'd by Nature, not by Precept.
'Tis time to dye now, for a weighty Reaſon:
Thou haſt out-done me in my own Pretenſions,
And rais'd the price of Honor to that rate,
'Twou'd ruine me, and all my Conquer'd Earth
To riſe to that vaſt purchaſe. Oh, the Mark's too high
For me to reach; I'll quit the Field
In Virtue, and return to Tyranny:
Kill me, or elſe thy Miſtreſs dyes.
Zey. kneeling. The Gods forbid.
Oh, look upon her firſt, and ſhe will melt you:
You cannot hurt ſo ſweet an Innocence.
I know you cannot, Nature will not bear it:
She'l ſmile away your Anger; or ſhe'l thaw
Your frozen heart t'a Torrent, with her Tears.
She is the Joy of Nature, Pride of Heav'n,
The Idol of all Eyes that e'r beheld her:
Tygers wou'd loſe their Fierceneſs at her ſight,
And can Mankind hold Weapons to deſtroy her?
Oh, ſave her, ſave her, ſave her, Virtuous Prince,
And let my Life redeem her.
Tam. Riſe, brave Friend.
No; both ſhall live together, and live happy:
I take delight in the content of all men,
Leſs dear than thee, tho I have none my Self.
Well, I'll not preſs thee 'gainſt the ſenſe of Honor,
And Nature too: I know too well the weight
They bear, in well-born Souls. A thouſand ways
There are, to the great Joy that thou deny'ſt me:

I'll wait a little longer, ſpread my Sails
To the next Wind, to waft me to my Port,
Where I will Anchor, and Lanch out no more.
But, to return th' Heroic Reſignation,
I make thee King of *China.*
Zey. Vice-Roy rather,
When I have Conquer'd the Remaining Rebels.
Tam. Then, by my laſt Will, I bequeath it Thee;
My Death ſhall ſoon confirm it. Let's go out,
And ſtrait declare it to the wondring Army.
The World's my own: let's leave it in full Light;
That Sun makes no fair Day, that ſets not Bright.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Tamerlane *on a Couch aſleep.*

SONG.

REaſon and Time had once agreed,
My Heart from Loving ſhou'd be freed;
But Cupid *ſwore, he'd lay a Snare*
Shou'd catch my Reaſon, Time repair.
Sylvia *appear'd with all the Charms*
And Witchcrafts of a Face,
Able to do all Mankind harms,
And Womankind diſgrace:
Reaſon ſtrait fled, Time wou'd have ſtay'd,
Miſtaking for the Sun,
The glories of the brighter Maid,
By thoſe his courſe to run.
Jove *ſaw, and fear'd ſome ſtrange ſurpriſe,*
Leſt all the World ſhou'd be
Immortal made by her bright Eyes,
And Scorn his Deity:
So Time was forc'd to fly, old Age remain:
But, Ah! poor Reaſon ne'r came back again.

Enter

Enter in Dumb-ſhow, Time with his Hour-glaſs, The *Parcæ* Death, ſpeckled Fame drawn in a Chariot by *Cerberus*, follow'd by Furies and Infernal Spirits.

Scene opens, and diſcovers Mount Atlas, *with a Face and Beard like a Man made by Trees, which ſinks down by degrees with ſoft Muſic; and at the top of him appear Angels with flaming Swords, and the Fiends begin to withdraw.*

1 *Ang.* Be gone, Infernal Spirits; leave this Hero,
Whoſe Virtues none of Human Race e're equal'd.
Be calm, Great Monarch: Let no Fiends moleſt,
With frightful Dreams, thy too afflicted Breſt.
No mortal Beauty does deſerve thy Paſſion;
A brighter Object claims thy Admiration:
Thou haſt a Share in thy Creator's Love,
Thy Soul, thy Fame, are both ſecure above.
Tam. Where have I been, in Hell and Heav'n at once?
Was this a Dream? Or did I waking ſee?
My Senſes were not lock't, ſure: Had the doors
Been ſhut, ſuch Viſions never cou'd have enter'd.
At firſt, 'twas horid; after, moſt Serene:
Oh, let me ever taſt ſuch Tranquil Joys
As this laſt moment Heav'n infus'd into me!
What need I care how near I am the Haven,
If I muſt land in Bliſs?

Enter Guard.

Guard. Ragalzan begs admittance to your Preſence.
Tam. How dares the cauſe of all my Woes come near me?
He will diſturb my Thoughts again: no matter;
Why ſhould I hope for Peace?

Enter Ragalzan.

Villain, what haſt thou done, thou haſt betray'd me,
And brought me to the Suburbs of Damnation:

I'm

I'm on the top of *Ætna*, ſcorch'd already
With all the Sulphurous Flames, and Helliſh Vapors
That Pride, and Luſt, and dire Ingratitude,
With all the black Ingredients that are boiling
Within that baleful Furnace, can caſt up;
And ſtill thy trecherous Counſels puſh me forwards
Into the dreadful Gulph. Traytor, be ſure
Thou bring me off this Rock, and place me once again
Into the tranquil Plains of chearful Peace,
And unreproaching Conſcience; or, by the Juſtice
Of all thoſe watchful Powers that threaten my deſtruction,
I'll bury thee alive, and cover thee with Kingdoms,
That thou ſhalt never ſee the Light again.

Rag. Good Sir, have Patience: here I come with Cordials,
And you reproach my Zeal. Was I the cauſe
Of your wild Paſſion? but did ſtrive to eaſe you
With proper Remedies: A civil Rape,
Which Women count the higheſt Obligation,
Caus'd by exceſs of Love,
And does at once ſerve to excuſe both Parties.
If by raſh Oaths you put your ſelf in Streights,
'Twas not my fault.
Beſides, I think you need not fear th' event;
She will releaſe your Vow, for leſs than half
The World; which in your prodigal Love-talk
You laid down at her Feet.

Tam. Oh, I have try'd her,
And told her, I was guiltleſs of his Death;
Yet ſhe perſiſts deaf, and inexorable,
As Adders ſung to; as unmov'd, as Rocks
To th' Importunities of Winds and Waves.

Rag. 'Tis but to try the temper of your Paſſion,
A Stale device, the Womens common place Book.
But I have found a Salvo for your Conſcience,
Which all the great Divines o'th' Univerſe,
Tho diff'ring in all other points, approve of:
Why, Sir, your dreadful Vow extends no farther
Than to the Princeſs's delivery;
You may ſecure her from all further danger.

Tam. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo? I thought of this before;

But weigh'd it not ſo throughly.
Rag. More than this;
Becauſe you love variety of Faiths,
I have enquir'd the opinion of the *Muſtee*,
The *Calif*, Patriarch of *Antioch*, and brought
A Writing here under their Hands and Seals.
Tam. Oh, let me ſee thoſe Heav'nly Lines.
Rag. Look to that Paragraph.
Tam. reads. *An unjuſt Vow is better broke than kept:*
This Vow is not unjuſt, nor needs be broke;
For tho the intent of the Demander might
Extend to free diſpoſal of her Perſon
To Death, or long Captivity; yet ſince
'Tis not expreſt, the Emperor's oblig'd
No farther than to literal performance,
And all means may be us'd to ſave her harmleſs Perſon.
Rag. Is not this Sence?
Tam. Reaſon peeps out again,
O'rcaſt with Shame and Paſſion: Thanks, dear Friend.
O, thou haſt ſcatter'd Life through my dead Veins,
And pour'd ſuch Floods of Joy into my Boſom,
The ſudden Heav'nly Showers will cauſe an Inundation!
Oh, how my wrinkled Heart, ſhrunk up with Sorrows,
Dilates it ſelf, to let the ruddy Rivers
Have their free courſe through all the Azure Channels!
Go, tell *Deſpina* ſhe ſhall be obey'd, (*To the Guard.*)
I'll ſee it done my ſelf: then bring my Daughter
(Since it muſt be ſo) bound; but hark you, Friends,
Guard her as you wou'd do your Lives, or, more than yours,
My own: Let no bold Sacrilegious hand
Dare to profane the Temple of all Virtues;
By Heav'n, he dyes, that ſuffers any hand
To touch that Holy Maid. Oh, I'm aſham'd,
That ſuch a blot ſhou'd reſt upon my Glory;
But Heav'n muſt be obey'd, tho to my bluſhes.
Bring her, I ſay;
But then beſure you ſuffer none to touch her,
Or, by the price of all my conquer'd Globe,
Which is not worth one hair of her bright Head,

I'll

I'll crumble you to duſt, and blow you round
The Mournfull Univerſe; which I'll hang round with black,
If her dear Life's invaded; if ſhe dyes,
And leaves me not an Heir to rule the World,
I'll Maſſacre Mankind, and root out all
That race of buſie intellectual Monſters,
Half Angels, and half Brutes, and worſe than either:
Or turn them all to Eunuchs, who ſhall howl
In pious Dirges for her hovering Soul,
Till it is fixt in foremoſt ranks of Glory,
Weep out their Lives, and leave the Empty World.

Alarm without, Trumpet and Drums.
Enter Axalla, *with Captains.*

Ax. Sir, your Triumphant Arms have cruſh'd the Rebels:
China, and all the World is now your own,
Tam. Oh, my *Axalla*, oh, there was a time
I cou'd have hear'd ſuch Sounds with raging Joys;
But now it comes too late:
Give blind men Beauty, Muſic to the Deaf,
Give Proſperous Winds to Ships that have no Sails;
Their Joys will be like mine.
Ax. What, not in Temper yet, Sir?
I muſt acquaint you with a juſt occaſion,
To intermix ſome ſorrows with your Joys:
The Noble *Zeylan* and *Philarmia*'s ſlain,
Whoſe Gratitude to you, Love to each other
Wou'd not excuſe them from this dangerous Action.
Tam. Then Honor's out of Faſhion, Tears in Tune.
Alaſs, poor Rival in that lofty Science,
There's no man left alive that can keep up
That Beautiful Contention: I've out-liv'd it.
Tell me how that Heroic Pair expir'd.
Ax. The Rebels were diſpers'd, their Leaders taken,
Yet raſh *Philarmia* follow'd the purſuit,
Tho reſcu'd twice by *Zeylan*, we retreated;
But anxious *Zeylan* went back to ſecure her,
And in a Skirmiſh with the flying Rebels

Receiv'd a dangerous Wound: which caus'd a Rumor
Through all the Camp that he was slain. At last
Philarmia comes Victorious, hears the News;
Then strait like Lightning Arm'd with bright Destruction,
Flew in the thickest Troops, and flash'd, and Shin'd,
Struck dead whole Ranks before her; till she was
Extinguish'd by some envious hand, that drew
Death's dismal Curtain o'r her glorious Face:
Zeylan comes back, and missing her, tho faint,
And bloody, Lanches out again, and finds
A crimson heap of newly slaughter'd Bodies,
Their Souls yet flutt'ring o'r their ruin'd Mansions:
And there too soon he spy'd
A Diamond in the Dust, sparkling *Philarmia*,
Pale, and yet glimmering, in the shades of Death;
Then strait tears up his Wounds, and with his Dagger probes 'em,
Till he falls dead upon her.

Tam. Happy Pair!

Enter Despina.

Soldiers.

Ax. What, Love affairs yet! Friends, let us retire. [*Exit with*

Tam. Here comes the sole Disturber of my peaceful Thoughts.

Desp. Thanks, most indulgent Conqueror: Now I find
There are some Monarchs that do own the Gods,
That unrestrained Power, allay'd
With Piety, can bound it self like th' Ocean,
Whose uphil Waves hang o'r the threat'ned Earth;
Might overflow its humble Friend, but will not.

Trumpets, and Cornets; the Procession enters.
Virgins in Mourning.

Tam. So, so; here comes the Statelieſt piece of Shame
That ever Monarch groan'd for: Now I feel
Honor and Piety return again. I'll keep my purpose
Close to Religion, Laws, to Heav'n, to Nature.

Irene *is brought in like a Sacrifice.*

Dreſt like a Sacrifice! Ah, poor *Irene*,
Art thou prepar'd then for a ſudden Fate?
Ire. A ſudden Fate! There's no ſuch thing in Nature;
We're dying from our Cradles: Heav'n can ſend
No greater Mercy, when't has prediſpos'd
Men for the Bleſſing.
'Tis a quick Med'cine, for a long Diſeaſe.

Re-enter Axalla.

Ha! what Pageant's this?
Great Gods, can this be true? or do I ſee
A Lovers Oath, an over-acted Rant,
A Fugitive Word, that has out-run a Thought
Forc'd by the Violence of ſelf-urging Paſſion,
Which the Gods laugh at, other men diſpiſe,
And ſcatter to the Wind, become ſo ſacred,
So indiſpenſible, that ſhe muſt dye for't?
Nay, ſhe by whom thou Liv'ſt, thy Angel, thy Redeemer?
Are there ſuch things as Gods? Or are they over-buſy'd?
Or is the World become ſo rankly Wicked
Ne'r a ſpare Thunderbolt is left for Thee?
Tam. Oh, ſpare me, ſpare me; let me dye, *Axalla*.
Ax. Canſt thou devote that Life, that ſav'd thy own?
See that blood ſpilt, that ſprung from thy own Fountain;
And kept thy own from ſhedding? Canſt thou hear
Her dying Groans, by whoſe ſweet Prayers the Heav'ns
Have been inclin'd to thy Succeſs, and ſoftned to
Thy Failings?
By whoſe dear Murmurs and Celeſtial Sound
Thy Life has been refreſh'd more than by Glory?
Whoſe Tears wou'd melt the Earth into an Ocean,
Whoſe Sighs wou'd cleave an Univerſe of Adamants,
And make a Palſy ſhake the guilty Earth
To Shreds, to Atoms, to a ſecond Chaos,
Tho it were Crampt with unrelenting Irons;

And

And Hearts, as hard as thine.
Tam. Axalla, Oh *Axalla*, cou'dſt thou ſee
My Heart, thou woud'ſt not chide, but pity me:
Here ſtands a Saint, and there methinks an Angel
Peeps from the Clouds, to call me to performance
Of Sacred Vows. Is Heaven divided
Againſt it ſelf, and ſhall frail man be conſtant!
Nay, more than that; I'm ſatisfi'd by all
The Oracles of Heav'n, the Myſtic Prieſts
Of ſeveral Churches, that my Vow's perform'd
In her delivery: But, oh! I've done too much.
Deſp. Ha! is't come to this? [*Aſide.*
Ax. Too much indeed, and more than Heav'n requires:
For had you made a Vow to burn the World,
Blot out Religion, Laws, deſtroy Mankind,
And leave no Soul to Worſhip his Creator;
'Twere Sin to make it, but to keep it greater.
Fy, Sir; for ſhame graſp your looſe thoughts together.
Bind up your ſhatter'd Sou, that it may piece again,
And grow the ſtronger by this Amorous Fracture:
Oh, let me never live, to ſee
The Glory of all Ages baſely bury'd
Thus in a Woman's Arms.
Deſp. Sir, I perceive
I breed a Faction in your Family;
Your Slaves are angry, and you muſt obey:
Unbind the Princeſs; but unlooſe me too
From my raſh Contract; 'Tis better for us both.
Tam. No, Faireſt, no:
Let me not loſe that Heav'n, after aſſurance.
Think of ſome Nobler, leſs afflicting Tryal,
Some deſperate, never yet attempted Action,
Nor ever thought of: Bid me drain the Ocean,
Make Mountains Navigable, tranſplant a Climate,
Unhindge the Globe; Bid me obſcure the Sun;
Name that impoſſible that ſhan't be done:
But urge me not to tear out mine own Bowels,
To be alive Diſſected, doubly Martyr'd.
Deſp. Are Vows made only to be broke; and Women

The

The Stales, to cheat the Gods by? Is this your Love?
That I must keep my Word, and you be free:
I'll try if I shall be obey'd: Strangle the Princess.
Ax. kneeling. Hold, Madam, hold: Here, take my guilty Head:
'Twas I that councel'd *Bajazet*'s Destruction,
Contriv'd the Murder, urg'd the doubtful Prince.
Cou'd her soft Heart contrive so harsh a Deed?
Her Pious Soul consent to such black Crimes?
Cou'd she the fatal Laws of Empire know,
The hard necessities of Jealous Greatness?
Let me, the Author, expiate the Crime:
Let not this spotless Lamb redeem a Tyger,
Deep in your Husband's Blood.
Desp. You are her Lover;
Then I must punish you, and set her free.
Ire. Oh, Madam, hear him not: his cruel Love
Betrays his Life, but never will save mine;
For sure, I neither can, nor will out-live him.
Ah, generous Innocent! why wilt thou rob me
Of Martyrdom, in such a Glorious Cause,
To save my Father's Life, and ease his Sorrows,
That weigh too heavy on the afflicted World?
Desp. What Game of Glory's this: where Death's the Prize,
And Life the odious Blank? When Appetites
Are too irregular, pity they shou'd be humour'd.
Tam. He wrongs himself to save his guiltless Mistress:
No Truth is half so Holy, as this Falsehood.
Despair urg'd *Bajazet* to self-Destruction;
Heav'n be my Judge. 'twas no Command of mine,
Nor yet their Counsel, to substract one minute
From his Heroic Life.
Desp. So you have told me, Sir; and I begin
To think you real: well, 'tis time
The Vail were off, lest Passion work some mischief.
Forgive me, mighty Sir, this bold Request, [*kneeling.*
'Twas but to try the firmness of your Love:
You have discharg'd your Promise to the utmost,
And put upon the Rack your own indulgent Nature.
Sir, cou'd you think this was the way to win you,

And

And make my ſelf the Empreſs of the World;
To come to your Majeſtic bed, all reeking
In your dear Daughters Blood? I'm ſatisfy'd
You never order'd *Bajazets* Deſtruction,
As you convinc'd me ſince.
Tam. 'Tis a Sacred Truth;
No more, than by hard uſage, and denying
To him the ſight of you, which was his Life.
Deſp. That well might move me, Sir, but not ſo highly.
Tam. I had your temper ſhow'd me in falſe Glaſſes,
Which made me Amourouſly own in part
What you believ'd by many weighty Reaſons.
Ax. This may end well: I've ſeldom heard of Women
Stand upon terms with all-commanding Emperors.
Rag. If theſe two piece again, what will become
Of me, the Engineer? I ſhall be cruſh'd
'Twixt theſe two mighty Wheels, that I have put
In motion. Perhaps, the Emperor is not poyſon'd:
Who knows the walks of wily Womankind?
Deſp. Now, Sir, by Virtue of your former Grant,
I'll add but one requeſt, you'll not deny me:
'Tis to releaſe your Admirable Daughter,
And beg the Friendſhip of the fair *Irene*.
Tam. Now you revive me, Madam; all my Sorrows
Vaniſh like Dreams, or like the gloomy Shades,
They ſteal away inſenſibly from Day-light:
And unperceiv'd, like well-bred Courtiers, ſlide
Out of their Prince's Preſence. Oh, how my Heart's
Enlarg'd! the ſpacious Room left open
For Airy, lightſome thoughts; there's nothing left
That can diſturb my Peace. Strike off her Chains
And bring her to the Empreſs.
Ax. The Gods Forbid: What, give her Sacred Life
Into the Hands of one that Vows her Death!
Truſt not to cover'd Flames, nor Furies reconcil'd.
Tam. Ha! hold a little. (*To the Guards.*)
Deſp. Am I ſuſpected? Then my Faith's diſcharg'd;
And my Revenge, chain'd up by unjuſt Pity,
Breaks looſe again; my darling, dear Revenge,

And

And rages for its Prey. Perform your Vow, Great Sir.
Ax. Oh, hear a little! May you not accept
A meaner Offering for this mighty Princeſs;
As Deities of old took worthleſs Brutes
To ſave Heroic Lives; and give the Emperor
A full diſcharge of his raſh Vow.
Deſp. If either of you dye, Heav'n be my Witneſs
I freely clear the Emperor of his Vow.
The other dyes of Grief by courſe. [*Aſide.*
Ax. One Life, to ſave a better, 'tis no Crime,
But an exchange, to the advantage of (*ſelf.*
All the ſurviving World: Then thus, Sir, I abſolve you. [*Stabs him-*
Guard her dear Life, or let juſt Vengeance ſhake
Your Guilty Throne.
Tam. Oh deſperate Fondneſs!
Ire. Oh Heav'ns! } Irene *ſwoons.* Tam. *and*
Tam. What ails *Irene?* } Ragal. *run to her.*
Ire. Nothing but Dying.
Rag. Sure 'tis not Grief alone; I fear ſhe's Poyſon'd,
By ſome corrupted Servant: and I've heard
Some mutt'ring on't.
Tam. Haſt thou indeed?
Rag. But here
I have a Cordial-Antidote, will expel
Both Grief, and Poyſon too.
Tam. Give it her quickly. (*Ragal. gives it her.*)
Ha! She revives.
Rag. to Deſp. But ſhe'l as ſoon relapſe:
I've poyſon'd her, without that State and Pomp,
Which I knew wou'd not take.
Deſp. What needed that raſh haſt?
Rag. Ha! She relents, and longs to be our Soveraign;
But I'll ſecure her,
For fear of ſqueamiſh penitential Tales:
Then ſay, 'twas Juſtice for my murder'd Friend. } *Goes to* Ax. *&*
Ah, my poor dying Friend, dear fellow Soldier! } *embraces him.*
Have we out-liv'd all dangers from our Foes,
To dy thus tamely? Sir, can you bear theſe wrongs?
Juſt Heav'ns, I cannot. Falſe Murdreſs! [*Stabs* Deſpina-

Desp. What thou, *Ragalzan!* Oh, thou double Traytor!
Didst not thou blow the Coals of my revenge,
Accuse them all of *Bajazets* Destruction?
Tam. Guards, seize the Villain.
Rag. Can you believe her, Sir?
She spits her Venom, now she's trod upon.
Tam. Hold me up, *Crantor*, I am faint with Sorrow.
Desp. I, and with Poyson too. Here was the Dagger kept
To Vindicate my wrongs upon thy Daughter,
Whom now *Ragalzan* poyson'd:
Thou hast not many minutes left to live,
Nor I, to tell thee how. [*Dyes.*
Tam. Blest be the hand that did it: hadst thou spar'd
One Life, more precious than my own, thou might'st
Have bustled with the briskest Female Saints
For place in Glory.
Ire. Oh, generous Soul! Oh, my belov'd *Axalla!* {*Kneeling by him.*
Oh, tell thy poor *Irene*, why thou wast
So kindly cruel to thy self and me?
Ax. Live, Princess, Live; live to thy Father's Joy,
The Empire's quiet, and the Ages Glory:
Oh, live, to teach the World more Innocence,
And let this Wretch expire; who might have stay'd
T'have lov'd you longer, not have serv'd you better. [*Dyes.*
Ire. What, wou'dst thou have me live an Age of Sorrows,
When the first Moment of thy Fate has kill'd me?
I faint apace! Kind Heav'n has hear'd my Prayers:
Oh, I come after thee! nothing on Earth shall stop me.
Two Angels are my Bridemen, Saints my Singers,
The Clouds my Chariot, and the Skies my Shrine;
Where I for ever will join hands with thine.
Oh! 'tis too much to have both Heav'n and Thee. [*Dyes.*
Tam. She's gone; the sweetest Saint Heav'n ever shin'd with!
Guards, bear the guilty Wretch to Death and Torture.
Rag. Bear me in Triumph, Guards; I've won the day,
And dye a greater Conqueror than thy self,
Most mighty *Tamerlane:* thou, and my lesser Foes,
About my Feet.
Tam. Away with the vile Traytor. *Ex. with* Rag.

He urg'd my Patience: now I'll dye in Peace.
Oh, now I'm ſafe! Now the kind Poyſon comes
To end the Quarrel betwixt Love and Honor,
To ſatisfie my Friends, ſecure my Fame.
You Gods, that make unchangeable Decrees,
And lead Mankind in ſtrong, but unſeen Lines;
If you aſſume us hence to nobler Seats,
Receive me quickly, with a generous Freedom,
For no man's Works deſerve ſo great Rewards:
The powers we have, come from you; And what Thanks
Can they deſerve, who only pay what's lent,
And have no power to Cheat? Perhaps, you ſcorn
The beggarly return of Benefits,
Like Trafficking Mankind: If theſe be your Reſolves,
My hopes I Anchor on his generous Doctrine,
Whoſe Sepulcher in *Jewry* I paid Vows to,
Who gives Rewards, yet Suffer'd to obtain 'em.
And now I find voluptuous death ſteal on me,
And I begin to dream before I ſleep:
Green Meadows, Silver Streams, and warbling Winds,
All the whole Sky a Rainbow. Lovely Sight!
Who wou'd not dye for this? Now I'm i'th' Dark;
And there I leave thee, World, juſt as I ever found thee. [*Dyes.*

FINIS.

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